

PAIR.

hand nailed, work  
with solid leather soles  
shoes. Made without  
stitches. Sold by the

will save you lots of

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Stamps after

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This insures that

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in woollens, we are

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W. suits.

& SON

for your demands with

Reds, Linen and Silk

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uggist,

Norway, Maine

**BUSINESS SPECIALS.**  
Under this head business notices inserted for ten cents per line. Seven words to the line.  
Call on F. H. Beck and see about that gasoline engine.  
Lead pipe for spring water, also sheet copper for water boxes at Longley's, see ad.  
Cotton and rubber hose at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
On Saturday of this week we shall sell 15 lbs. of granulated sugar for \$1.00. Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
Black mercerized petticoats 65c at Thomas Snell's.  
Men's top coats you need now. Buy one at the Blue Stores of F. H. Noyes Co.  
Pure white paint can be bought at my store for \$1.05 per gal. in quantities, at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
Dr. Parmenter cures pain. Read ad. if new shapes added to our stock every few days. Mrs. F. E. Drake, over Stone's Drug Store.  
Walnut cream dates for 15 cts per lb. on Saturday, at Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
You'll need a new hat for Easter. Luzzon & Hubbard's are the best. All kinds of hats and caps in the newest creations at the F. H. Noyes & Co. Blue Stores.  
S. N. Buck has some good road horses for sale, also wagons and carriages. See ad. and write him, or call at "Deering St."  
Diamond and spade tooth cultivators at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
F. H. Beck has the agency for the Standard gasoline engine.  
Large line of window shades at Noyes Drug Store.  
Roof and barn paint at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
Chocolate cream eggs decorated with names, 10 cts. each, at Fletcher's candy store.  
Bring old glasses to Dr. Parmenter. If you knead Wm. Tell Flour. 14 c. o. w.  
On Saturday of this week we shall sell a good sized banana for 25 cts. Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
Buy the boy a new suit for Easter. Large stock to select from at F. H. Noyes Co.  
H. S. Russell's market give red trading stamps and full value for all money received.  
A lot of paint at our own price, assorted colors, at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
Fresh roasted salted peanuts for 15 cts. per lb., at Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
Don't forget! Millinery of all kinds done at Mrs. Swift's, Paris St. Sewed, over, also new work done. Home every evening.  
Easter novelties at Beck's.  
New wall papers at Noyes Drug Store.  
Large line of pillow tops at Thomas Snell's.  
Painters' stock white, pure paint, at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
L. I. Gilbert is ready to furnish choice groceries, meats and fish. Call the team on the street or telephone to the store. 10-17.  
Hard wood shavings 75c a load, and bobbin wood \$2.50 a load at Cullinan's. Telephone 118-21.  
Whelbarrows at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
Blood oranges, 15 cts. per dozen, at Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
New neckwear, new shirts, new scarves at F. H. Noyes & Co. They are the kind you'll need for Easter.  
See Beck's gasoline ad. in another column.  
Garden and lawn rakes at Wm. C. Leavitt's.  
20 ct chocolate drops, 14 cts. per lb., Saturday, at Brooks' grocery store, Beal St.  
Soft wood shavings 50c per load at Cullinan's. Telephone 118-21.  
Boys' base ball suits, shirt, pants, cap, catcher's mitt, all for \$1.00, at F. H. Noyes Co.  
Send to F. H. Beck's, Norway, for catalogue of Stoddard gasoline engines.

**NORWAY AND VICINITY.**  
**Base Ball.**  
First game of the season on Fast day, Norway vs. Bryant's Pond. The game is called at 2 o'clock sharp on the Fair Grounds.  
Lois Smith is teaching school in West Milford, N. H.  
The selectmen have reappointed Geo. W. Holmes on the Board of Health for three years. The other members of the board, William C. Leavitt and Dr. S. A. Bennett, serve two- and one year more, respectively.  
Ernest L. Cowan of Bangor began his duties as clerk in Stone's drug store, Monday morning. He is a graduate of the University of Maine school of Pharmacy and a registered druggist. He is spoken highly of by the commission on the board whom he took his examination, is a man of excellent character and has taken a hold of the work remarkably well.  
Company D was inspected Monday night by Col. Calef, U. S. A., and W. O. Peterson. They found the equipment in fine condition and were complimentary of the appearance of armory, material and men. They commented also the standing of the company in rifle practice. The drilling was not all that practice to be expected but less attention is paid to this matter nowadays.  
L. P. Bartlett, Jr., of the firm of B. F. Spinnery & Co., was in town on Monday morning. He is in the line of the shoe business. He says they are to make more shoes for the year to come than ever before and that the time is not far distant when they will occupy the other factory. He is only a question of finding boarding houses and homes for the additional help.

**Warrant Town Meeting.**  
To F. W. SANBORN, a citizen of the Town of Norway, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine.  
In the name of the State of Maine, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the said Town of Norway, qualified by law to vote in town affairs, to assemble at Norway Hall, in said Norway, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of April, next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act upon the following articles, to-wit:  
1st. To choose a Moderator to preside over said meeting.  
2nd. To see what sum of money the town will vote to grant and raise by tax or loan to aid in the construction of a Railroad from Norway to the exterior Town Line. The issue to be decided by a yes and no ballot.  
3rd. To determine in what manner said money shall be raised and how expended.  
Given under our hands at Norway this nineteenth day of April, A. D. 1905.  
Geo. H. DUNN, Selectman.  
Norway, Maine.  
A True Copy, Attest—F. W. SANBORN, Justice of the Peace for the County of Norway, Maine.

**Subscription Rates.**  
2 months, 25 cents.  
3 months, 38 cents.  
6 months, 50 cents.  
12 months, 75 cents.

**Easter at the Churches.**  
**NORWAY.**  
Baptist.  
At the Baptist church, Sunday morning, the pastor, Rev. E. S. Cotton will have a sermon appropriate to the day. Music will be given by a children's chorus. The social service will be held in the evening as usual.  
Congregational.  
Rev. B. S. Rideout will give a sermon, Sunday morning upon the theme of "The Results of Christ's Resurrection in the Light of Modern Scholarship." The music will be suited to the day and will be given by the regular choir: C. W. Horne, M. Louise Staples, Mrs. Luella Smiley, H. L. Horne. The usual concert will be omitted this year.  
Universalist.  
Program at the Universalist church Easter Sunday morning, Rev. S. G. Davis, pastor.  
Voluntary (Liesbet) (A. Henslet)..... Choir  
Easter Carol (A. F. Henslet)..... Solo  
Invocation and Lord's Prayer..... Choir  
Psalm 109..... Minister and Congregation  
Scripture Reading, St. Luke 24..... F. E. Toole  
Solo, Easter (Vandewater)..... F. E. Toole  
Prayer..... Choir  
Hymn, No. 119..... Choir  
Easter Sermon..... Rev. S. G. Davis  
Anthem, Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead (Dobson) (W. E. Brown)..... Choir  
Benediction..... Rev. S. G. Davis  
Choir, Mrs. Frank Kimball, Esther Tower, F. E. Tower, Harry Newcomb.  
The Easter concert will be given at 7 o'clock, p. m. Program:  
Anthem..... Choir  
Prayer..... Rev. S. G. Davis  
Solo..... Miss Finney  
Recitation..... Carroll Bartlett  
Song..... Phil Young with chorus  
Recitation..... Mildred Curtis  
Solo..... Grace Snow  
Recitation..... Ruth Cummings  
Solo..... Geneva Sturtevant  
Recitation..... Florence Hartman  
Solo..... Beryl Miller  
Recitation..... Gladys Buck  
Reading..... Mrs. W. E. Jones  
Solo..... Mrs. Eugene Fifeild  
Recitation..... Mrs. A. J. Henslet  
Solo..... Mrs. Tower  
Recitation..... Hazel Hickman  
Solo..... Miss Shattuck  
Solo..... Mrs. B. F. Bradbury  
Recitation..... Mrs. A. J. Henslet  
Reading..... Miss Blakely  
Song..... Class No. 10  
Duet..... Mrs. Kimball and Mr. Tower  
Benediction.....

**Methodist.**  
Easter program at the Methodist church, Rev. C. A. Brooks, pastor:  
Voluntary, Christ the Lord is Risen Today (Mrs. Ashford)..... Choir  
Constitution..... Choir  
Apostles Creed..... Choir  
Anthem, Yes He Was Dead (Porter)..... Choir  
Hymn, No. 1, A Mighty Fortress is Our God..... Choir  
Responsive Reading, Psalm 16..... Choir  
Gloria Patri..... Choir  
Scripture Reading..... Rev. C. A. Brooks  
Prayer..... Rev. C. A. Brooks  
Sermon—subject, The New Life..... Rev. C. A. Brooks  
Anthem..... Choir  
Benediction..... Rev. C. A. Brooks

**South Paris.**  
Congregational.  
The pulpit will be supplied by Rev. W. S. Cushman, Sunday morning. The regular choir, James Dunn, Roy Cole, Fred Hall, Ralph Penfold, will be assisted by Susie M. Wheeler and Mrs. Nellie Andrews. Mrs. H. L. Wilson organist. Program (Wash):  
Organ Prelude (Wash)..... Quartet  
Anthem, He is Risen (Simper)..... Quartet  
Anthem, Easter Bells (Gabriel)..... Quartet  
Response..... Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Andrews  
Duet.....

**At the Methodist church the following selections will be given during the morning service:**  
Organ Prelude, Lift up Your Heads. From the Messiah (Handel)..... Organ  
Cantata, Lift up Your Voices (Gaidinger)..... Choir  
Organ Prelude, March Triumphant (Richardson)..... Organ  
Chorus, From "The Kiss King" (Schaefer)..... Choir  
Anthem, Awake Thine Throat Sleepers (Rees)..... Choir  
Violin solo..... Miss Sweet  
Organ Offertory..... Miss Sweet  
Anthem, Belong to the Lord is King (Adams)..... Choir  
Organ Postlude, Triumphal March (Riguet)..... Organ  
At the evening services there will be recitations and singing by the children, recitations and singing by the children, Organ Prelude, March Triumphant (Richardson)..... Organ  
Chorus, From "The Kiss King" (Schaefer)..... Choir  
Anthem, Awake Thine Throat Sleepers (Rees)..... Choir  
Violin solo..... Miss Sweet  
Organ Offertory..... Miss Sweet  
Anthem, Belong to the Lord is King (Adams)..... Choir  
Organ Postlude, Triumphal March (Riguet)..... Organ

**At the Baptist church next Sunday, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Chesbro, will give a sermon appropriate to Easter. The order of service will be as follows:**  
Voluntary..... Choir  
Doxology..... Choir  
Responsive Reading..... Choir  
Scripture..... Choir  
Anthem, Easter Bells (A. F. Law)..... Choir  
Prayer..... Rev. J. W. Chesbro  
Response, Did Our Redeemer Die?..... Choir  
Hymn..... Choir  
Offertory..... Choir  
Hymn, The Christ Angel (Hanscom)..... Choir  
Sermon..... Rev. J. W. Chesbro  
Benediction.....

**Postlude.**  
Choir, Mrs. Noyes soprano; Mrs. Deaghty, alto; George Cutting, tenor; Albert Dean bass, Agnes Penfold, organist.

**In the evening an Easter concert will be given with the following program:**  
Voluntary..... Choir  
Hymn..... Choir  
Scripture..... Choir  
Recitation..... Beniah Kneeland  
Solo..... Carleton Ames  
Recitation..... Rev. J. W. Chesbro  
Solo..... Ruth Stuart  
Recitation..... Robert Whittle  
Solo..... Primary  
Chorus..... Leo's Quartet  
Recitation..... Helen Foxworth  
Recitation..... Helen Foxworth  
Solo..... Jessie Tolman  
Recitation..... Jessie Tolman  
Recitation..... Bessie Bowker  
Hymn.....

**Mrs. Retha Glover will preach at the Advent service, G. A. R. hall, Sunday afternoon at 2.30.**

# THE NORWAY ADVERTISER

(OXFORD COUNTY, ME.)

NUMBER 16 APRIL 21, 1905, NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, MAINE. VOLUME XXXVI

## Death of Rev. W. W. Hooper.

The news was received Sunday of the death in Utica, N. Y., at about 8 o'clock in the forenoon of Rev. Washington Wells Hooper, well known and deeply beloved in Norway, having served the Universalist church of this village as pastor some three years. He was at the time of his death engaged as State Superintendent of the Universalist Convention of New York, with headquarters at Utica.

He was a native of Queens, Queens county, New York, was graduated from Brooklyn public schools, and from St. Lawrence University in the theological department, receiving the degree of B. D. in 1875. He was ordained to the ministry at Gayville, Vt., in 1876, subsequently preaching at Hunter, Vt., and was installed pastor of the Norway church in January, 1881. Near the close of 1884 he left here and served the parish at Mechanic Falls three years and later at Orono. He was succeeded here by Rev. Charles E. Ansell.

He was State Superintendent of the Maine State Universalist convention for ten years, and was instrumental in founding the church at South Paris. In 1903 he accepted a call to the Universalist church in Belknap Falls, Vt., and after a year in this church was made State Superintendent in New York, nearly a year prior to his death.

He was a member and Past Grand of Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., taking a great interest in the work of Odd Fellowship.

He married Mary D., daughter of E. C. Shackley of Norway, who with a son, Raymond F., and a daughter, Mary, who resides at home, survive him.

Mr. Hooper was a kindly, genial man with a deep interest in all good work, and he is remembered for a good influence and earnest work in Norway. He was about 52 years of age.

He was author of several books for boys including "That Minister's Boy" and "Jack Hayward," which contain much human interest and are helpful with good moral though in no sense "preachy."

Funeral services were held at Utica, Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. O. F. Alvord.

Mr. Hooper also held a pastorate at Taunton, Mass., before entering the Maine Convention.

The body was brought here on the afternoon train Wednesday, and laid to rest in Pine Grove cemetery. A delegation of members of Norway Lodge at Odd Fellows acted as bearers. A brief service was held at Rev. F. E. Barton, Rev. S. G. Davis and Rev. J. H. Little taking part.

It is announced that a portion of the program of the State convention to be held in South Paris, June 6, 7 and 8, will be a memorial service to Rev. Mr. Hooper.

## Proposed Waterford and Stoneham Electric Railroad.

The committee appointed by the Norway Board of Trade at its meeting of last week Wednesday has been busy. A greater portion of the owners of land through which the proposed road is to pass in the town of Norway have been interviewed and the amount of damage ascertained. There are some non-residents who have not as yet placed figures on their land but matter of getting the price is well in hand and before another week passes the full amount is expected to be ascertained. In the main a reasonable estimate of damage from the owners has been got. A large proportion of those over whose land the road is to pass are desirous of having the road built and have given conservative estimates of the damage. The amount totals so much, however, it is beyond the ability of the Norway Board of Trade to pay it and they have turned it over to the town to see what action it will take. The meeting is called for Saturday, April 29, at 3 o'clock.

There is no question that an electric road through Waterford and into Stoneham will be a benefit to the town of Norway and there is no fairer way to get it than by having the town assist in obtaining the land rights. The law provides that towns may do this if they wish.

## Valuable Books in Our Public Library.

The attention of the reading public and those seeking for information is called to valuable books now in the public library under the general title "Stories of the Nations" by different authors. These books are of recent production and contain the latest and most valuable information regarding different nations. "Building of the British Empire" by Alfred T. Story, and "England in the XIX Century" by Justin McCarthy cannot fail to interest. France, Italy, Spain, China and other peoples are also ably treated.

Pupils in our High school will find much that is interesting and helpful to them in their studies.

We mention these books because the librarian informs us that they have scarcely been noticed or read by any one.

**Universalist Lenten Services.**  
The special services this week at Norway Universalist church have been largely attended and of a nature that will be most helpful to the church. On Monday evening, Rev. Charles R. Tenney, of Auburn, gave a fine address on the "Enthusiasm of Christ." Tuesday evening, Rev. E. S. Cotton, of South Paris, spoke upon what the church stands for. Rev. J. H. Little, of South Paris, spoke Wednesday evening, and Rev. E. S. Cotton, of Norway Baptist church will speak this Thursday evening.

George Witham spent last Saturday and Sunday in Lewiston.

D. L. Joslin attended a funeral at Bolster's Mills, last Sabbath, at 2 o'clock.

Mabel Abbott and Elsie Davis, from Bethel, spent a few days with Mrs. O. L. Stone, last week.

L. J. Gilbert has received a brand new delivery wagon which is appropriately lettered, "Groceries and Meats."

Ed Rich and his mother have moved into the Harriman house on Marston street, lately vacated by Ed Hussey.

The Norway telephone office was opened for business Thursday night. The operator is Mrs. Stevens son of Fred Stevens of Norway.

Aunt Elvira Bisbee, of Waterford, is visiting relatives in town. She is one of our smart old ladies. She will be 90 years old May 4th.

Maud Swan, her mother and Clifton Swan, from Bethel, were in Norway Saturday, doing some shopping and calling on friends and relatives.

The A. E. church was closed Sabbath last, April 16th, while the pastor was at Conference. We are glad to have him return for another year.

Pennesseewassee Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., worked the Knight's degree last Thursday evening, and will work the rank of Esquire tonight.

At the regular meeting of Oxford Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, Wednesday evening, the degrees of Past Master and Most Excellent Master were conferred.

Passion week services at the Congregational church have been well attended and interesting. Rev. Mr. Cotton of Norway and Rev. F. Newport of Oxford have each given an interesting and able sermon. Rev. Mr. Newport will preach again this Thursday evening. Rev. J. W. Chesbro of South Paris will preach Friday evening.

Josiah Dutton is not able to see with one of his eyes, and the other is affected. They are very painful. His is an unusually sad case, as his home was broken up a few years ago by the death of his daughter, Belle. Mr. Dutton has been a fine carpenter, and has worked at trade for 31 on his next birthday. A loss of sight compelled him to give up work.

There was much excitement in the ranks of members of the Cat Alley, Cottage Street and other small boy baseball teams Monday afternoon, when the Blue Store received a consignment of uniforms. With the uniform of cap, trousers and blouse there was thrown in a glove and bat, all for one dollar. Carl Stearns, the baseball magnate of Danforth street, looked the goods over and passed the word to others, all of whom immediately started subscription papers to secure funds with which to fit out the various players. At six p. m. a dozen boys were on the streets collecting money, and Tuesday all the boys were rigged out in new suits and ready to meet all teams from the National League down to the Frost Corner ball tossers.

## Hayes--Wheeler.

Tuesday evening, at the home of William Hayes and wife, Seventh street, Auburn, their daughter, Edith Ham Hayes, was united in marriage to Alton C. Wheeler esq., of this place. The wedding was a quiet, but very pretty one, only the immediate relatives of bride and groom being present. The home had been decorated by Mrs. Taisne and Mabelle Hayes, of Mt. Holyoke college, and was very beautiful.

Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Mrs. Harriet Wing Carver. The bridal procession was led by Jacob Ham, Ruth and Florence Hayes, being flower girls. The bride's maid was her sister, Mabelle Hayes, and her father gave the bride away. The bride gown was white silk, with rose point lace, the veil of tulle, and she carried bride roses.

The bride's maid and flower girls carried Easter lilies. The ceremony was attended by his brother, Harry M. Wheeler, Harvard '05. The ceremony took place under an arch of evergreen, and was performed by Rev. T. Taisne, pastor of the Sixth street Congregational church.

A generous number of gifts were received by the happy couple, including silver, hand-painted china, linen, etc., including a handsome clock from the teachers in Edward Little High, and a dainty set of dishes from the Sixth street church ladies' union.

Following the ceremony a collation was served by a caterer, a feature being a handsome bridal cake. After receiving congratulations of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler drove away, and will make a brief tour, their destination being not announced. They will make their home at 9 Porter street, in this village.

Mrs. Wheeler was graduated from Edward Little High school in 1894 and Bates college, in 1899. She taught Greek and history in the High school for five years. She is a member of the Sixth street church, serving as organist in this and other churches. She is a very fine and popular lady, and will be heartily welcomed in all circles here.

The groom is too well known to require introduction here. He was a graduate of South Paris High school, of Bates in 1899. He was principal two years in Mechanic Falls High, sub-master in Woburn Mass. High, and has been superintendent of Paris schools for three years, filling the position with efficiency and conspicuous success. He is a member of Oxford Park, and junior partner of the law firm of Wright & Wheeler. Their many friends wish them heartily the utmost of joy and blessings throughout their life.

Mrs. Cora S. Briggs will begin classes in industrial training work, Saturday, May 6. The classes will not conflict with the regular school work and no home practice will be required this summer. The work is interesting, practical and up-to-date.

There was an attendance at the presentation of a Soldier of Fortune by the senior class of Paris High school which filled New Hall to the door. The play is a melodrama with strong character parts and was excellently presented by the members of the cast.

The anniversary of Odd Fellowship will be observed by Mr. Mica Lodge, Thursday, April 27. It is expected that Grand Master Leon S. Merrill of Solon may be present. The annual sermon will be given by Rev. J. H. Little at the Universalist church, Sunday morning, April 30.

The building known as the "blacksmith shop" on the S. D. Marshall farm was discovered to be on fire early Monday morning and was soon totally consumed. It was used as a storehouse for tools by James Hacey, who is a carpenter, and he meets with a loss of a tool chest with a valuable lot of contents covered by a small insurance. Cause of fire unknown but supposed to be traps.

An excellent old folks' concert was given in the Methodist church, Wednesday evening. It was preceded by a good supper in the vestry. The principal portion of the program was singing by a chorus with accompaniment of the organ, two violins and a cello. George I. Burnham was director, and the local singers were assisted by Professor W. S. Wright of Bethel. The music was the songs of the olden days.

This week special services are being held at the Universalist church, which are well attended and of more than common interest. Rev. A. D. Colson of Bethel was the speaker on Monday evening. Rev. S. G. Davis of Norway on Tuesday, Rev. F. E. Barton, State Superintendent, Wednesday evening, and Rev. F. H. Cole of Mechanic Falls on Thursday evening. Friday evening will be held the regular church meeting at 7.30.

Sunday morning Annie M. Kerr was badly scalded about the face by boiling coffee and steam. During the illness of her mother, Mrs. Henry Kerr, she was doing the housework and had put coffee to boil in a can with a tight cover. It had been boiling for some time and she touched slightly raised the cover. The pent up steam blew the cover off and most of the boiling coffee struck her in the face, scalding it badly. It is not certain whether the sight is affected or not.

Edith M. Patch, who is the entomologist at the Maine experiment station at Orono, was in town a few hours last Monday, looking for evidences of the brown tail moth. She found no indications of the existence of any in this village except such nests as have been burned. She reported finding some nests in Poland during her investigations, which is the nearest point to us where the pest seems to be definitely located at present. But there is no certainty that it is not present in our vicinity, and there is no reason or excuse for any relaxation of vigilance.

Thursday was a rather exciting day in some circles. There has been the habit of more or less horse play among certain ones who gather at the post-office waiting room. While the train was standing there one of our citizens had occasion to cross the track and he climbed over the draw bars between two cars. An altercation arose between him and a brakeman in which the citizen was severely times with a lantern, the brakeman knocked down and somewhat injured, the presence of an officer called, who did not feel authorized to make an arrest without a warrant, and it is said the end is not yet.



### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

**OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M. No. 18,** meets in Masonic Hall, Friday evening, on or before full moon. Chas. P. Barnes, W. M.; Howard D. Smith, Secretary.

**OXFORD ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 29,** meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Albert J. Stearns, H. P.; Geo. E. Tubbs, Secretary.

**OXFORD LODGE, No. 1, A. T. Mariners,** meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday after the full moon. Thaddeus Cross, Ven. Pat.; Merton L. Kimball, Secretary.

**NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F.,** meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. C. V. Webber, N. G.; Chas. S. Akers, Sec'y.

**WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F.,** meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. Simon Harriman, C. P.; Chas. S. Akers, Scribe.

**Mr. Hops Rereback Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F.,** meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Emma Cullinan, N. G.; Eva M. Kimball, Sec'y.

**PERSEUS LODGE, No. 18, F. & A. M.,** meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every Thursday evening. Alvin H. Allen, C. G.; M. L. Kimball, E. O. R. & S.

**LAKE ASSEMBLY, No. 33, P. S.,** meets in Fythian Hall the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Emma Abbott, C. G.; Mrs. A. L. Cook, K. of R. & S.

**LAKESIDE LODGE, No. 171, N. E. O. P.,** meets in G. A. R. Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. Mrs. W. E. Perkins, warden; Ada A. Libby, secretary.

**HANCOCK LODGE, No. 35, G. A. R.,** meets in G. A. R. Hall, the first Tuesday evening in each month. C. Richardson, C. M. M.; Fredland Young, adjutant; J. Bennett, C. Q.

**HARRY RUST, W. R. C. No. 45,** meets in G. A. R. Hall, first and third Monday evenings of each month. Phila Shedd, Pres.; Clara I. Jordan, Sec'y.

**OXFORD CASTLE, No. 2, K. G. B.,** meets in Ryerson Hall, every Thursday evening, 8:15 to 10:15 May 1, first and third Thursday evenings, May to Sept. 1, J. C. Shepard, N. G.; H. L. Plummer, M. of L.

**NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,** HAS SECURED NORWAY, ME. Money loaned on good security at reasonable rates.

**A. S. KIMBALL, Pres., GEORGE E. TUBBS, Treas.**

**HOLT & BARNES, Counsellors at Law,** Hathaway Block, Norway, Me.

**A. S. KIMBALL & N. L. KIMBALL, KIMBALL & SON, Attorneys at Law,** Grange Block, Norway, Me.

**WILLIAM F. JONES, Attorney at Law,** Grange Block, Norway, Me.

**Drs. Drake & Hayden, DENTISTS,** Over Stone's Drug Store, NORWAY, ME. Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

**DR. H. P. JONES, DENTIST,** Beal Block, 5th NORWAY, ME.

**A. J. STEARNS, Attorney at Law,** Office Over Freehold Howe's Insurance Office, NORWAY, MAINE.

**EDWARD E. HASTINGS, Counselor and Attorney at Law,** Fryburg, Oxford County, Maine.

**CHARLES C. WARREN, Attorney at Law,** Fryburg, Me.

**DR. ANNETTE BENNETT,** At Uberty House, E. Brownfield, every Thursday, Norway, Maine.

**HOUSE PAINTING, Paper Hanging and Whitening** Done as it should be. Call on or address

**E. L. KIDDER** Whitman, St. Norway, Maine. 131f

**S. RICHARDS, OPTICIAN.** Graduate Philadelphia Optical College. SOUTH PARIS, ME.

**WANTED.** Peeled Pulp Wood, Spruce, Fir, Hemlock and Poplar, delivered on cars at any R. R. Station from Pownal to Bethel, the coming year.

**J. M. DUNLEY, West Paris, Me.** J. M. DAY, Bryant's Pond.

**STEAM AND HOT WATER Heating Apparatus** Frozen water pipes thawed out. Burst pipes repaired.

**L. M. LONGLEY, Norway.**

**TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.** All persons desiring to teach in the town of Waterford during the present year, will present themselves for examination at the Schoolhouse at Waterford Flat, on Saturday, April 22, at 10 p. m.

**LOUISE M. BROWNE, 14-16** Superintendent of Schools.

**J. WALDO NASH, LICENSED TAXIDERMIST.** Masonic Block, - - - Cottage St. Telephone, 122-11

**A. W. GROVER, Bethel, Me.** Undertaker and Embalmer Pension Attorney Coroner Local office in home, N. E. Telephone 12-10.

**WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT** cards or fold 75 printed in the correct style at reasonable prices at this office. Call and examine.

### Written for the Advertiser.

#### The Peaceable Man.

Nobody sings of the peaceable man, Telling and doing the best that he can, Pretty good fellow the neighbors all say, Ready to smile on the children at play, Doing his duty without laying claim, To special rewards, as to fortune or fame, Helping the needy to save or to plan, Nobody sings of the peaceable man.

A song for the Jap who goes to the fray, And strives to shoot Russians who stand in the way, A song for the monarch who sits on the throne, And seeks to add other men's lands to his own, A song to the magnate, the prince or the duke, Who leaves to his small struggling rival no chance.

Here's a rousing refrain to the strenuous clan, But nobody sings of the peaceable man, Norway, Me.

HATTIE A. SMALL.

### SOUTH ALBANY.

A Beautiful Sight.

Mrs. Henry Sawin shows me a bunch of twigs broken from plum, maple, birch and apple trees, which she has had in the house for several weeks. The plum branch was white with blossoms and the maple blossoms were past their beauty and there were leaves as large as a silver dollar, and the birch was in full leaf and the apple buds were swelling fast. It was a pretty sight.

W. S. Sloan of Norway visited at P. P. Dresser's last Sunday.

Frank Murdock of Norway was at Merritt Sawin's last Wednesday.

Mrs. Nellie Flint of Albany called at Merritt Sawin's last Tuesday.

Ernest Grover recently visited among friends and relatives at Albany.

Lewis Sawin and son Holden of Waterford were at Merritt Sawin's last week.

J. W. Dresser and family of North Waterford spent last Sunday at his father's, P. P. Dresser's.

Bert Bird is boiling sap this week for his brother, Will Bird, while he is away delivering nursery stock.

Mrs. Walter Lord and two children recently spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bickford at East Stoneham.

D. A. Cummings, A. G. Bean and Chesley Fernald met and appraised the farm and personal property of the estate of the late E. French last Tuesday.

**EAST STONEHAM.** Flossie Stearns has had a bad cold. S. A. Stearns is making meat carts.

George Spars is able to be out again. Mrs. C. L. Stearns is papering her chamber.

Mildred Stearns has had a very bad cold but is better.

Mrs. Fay S. Lord visited her mother one day last week.

V. H. Littlefield is doing very nice business in his mill.

Mrs. H. A. Bickford has some lovely house plants this spring, also Mrs. Amos McAllister.

Gerald McAllister is driving V. H. Littlefield's steers. He does very well for a little fellow.

James B. Merrill did a very nice job of painting on Fred L. McKee's and Otis Gilman's meat carts.

We had quite little snow storms last Friday and Monday but they did not last long after the sun came up next morning.

Dora McAllister and Mrs. Fred J. McKee visited Minnie McKee of Albany one day last week. They went on their bicycles.

Dustin McAllister went to Norway, Friday.

Isaiah McAllister planted his early potatoes, April 14.

Frank McAllister found a mayflower in full bloom, April 15.

Mrs. Frank McAllister and daughter Marion went to Lovell, Sunday, to visit her grandmother, Mrs. Sally Whitehouse, a very aged lady.

Errol Barker, a little grandson of Frank McAllister, lugged his sap to the arch, a distance of a quarter of a mile, tended his fire and made three quarts of very nice syrup. He is only 8 years old and lame.

**PIANOS.** I am representing the finest line of Pianos ever exhibited in New England. I will make up headquarters at the Andrews House, South Paris, from April 24th until further notice. I will have a large list of bargains in new and second hand Pianos and Organs. I sell for cash or easy payments, taking old instruments in exchange.

I enclose the latest and, by far, the best Piano Player on the market. The possibilities of this Player are unlimited. A special card will bring you catalogues with any information you may desire. See me before you buy, as my prices are the lowest ever offered.

**LOY S. EYSTER,** South Paris, Maine, or 211 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 1f

**Arthur Miller BLACKSMITH AND HORSESHOER** Who formerly run the Cummings Blacksmith Shop on Water Street (but who was forced to vacate), has opened the Bassett Blacksmith Shop, head of Main Street, where he hopes to retain all his old patrons and gain many new ones. 10-19\*

**FIRST CLASS WORK DONE**

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE** The only sure plan is a policy

**C. E. TOLMAN & CO.** South Paris, Maine.

**HOUSE PAINT.** NO matter how much a gallon you pay for your house paint you cannot buy any that is as cheap in the end as "Red Seal" Pure White Lead. This is easily proven.

Sold by all Reputable Dealers.

### RUMFORD FALLS.

Mae Newton is visiting in Wilton. Bucksinn Sam was in town last week. Marcella Coburn has been sick with the grip.

L. C. Blaisdell is visiting at East Auburn.

Nelson Bushley is visiting in New Haven, Conn.

Jackson Holmes and family have moved to South Paris.

Mrs. Mary Sessions has returned from a visit to South Paris.

Florence Mason will go to California about May 1, to locate.

A substantial addition of books has been given the library by a friend.

Elisba Pratt is making additions to his residence on Franklin Street.

Mrs. P. B. Barrows and Mrs. A. H. Williamson are visiting in Augusta.

John Holland is building a store near the new mill at the head of the Falls.

Frank Lawson of Vermont is a guest of his mother, Mrs. W. E. Humphrey's.

E. S. Swift and wife are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Orrington Berry in Dryden.

Jesse Butler, who has been employed by R. F. Kendall, has gone to Salem, Mass.

Wm. Warehouse has entered the employ of the W. L. White Co. as bookkeeper.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill and wife attended the Methodist conference in Gardiner.

Robley Morrison substituted as letter carrier last week for John Hadley who was sick.

Pennacook Lodge, I. O. O. F., worked the second degree on eleven candidates last week.

J. W. Green and wife, of Coplin, visited their daughter, Mrs. W. Hutchins, here, last week.

No service at the Methodist church last Sunday, as the pastor was attending conference at Gardiner.

Mrs. Anna Jones of South Bend, Ind., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Dodd, has returned home.

Samuel Turner, who has been employed as clerk in Hotel, Rumford, has resigned and gone to his home in Portland.

Stratglass Commandery K. T., attend divine service Easter afternoon, at Dixfield. Rev. Stanford Mitchell will deliver a sermon.

Last Thursday afternoon a black horse belonging to John Willard ran away on Congress street going across the vacant lots and bringing up in the river.

The Continental Paper Bag Co. are to immediately start an envelope manufacturing in the old woolen mill. The Maine Publishing Co. will move into a building near the freight shed.

The Mexico Congregational church has extended a call to Rev. J. G. Fisher, of Dexter. The church suffers the loss of the senior deacon, W. N. Hodgdon, who has moved to Monmouth Falls.

Wednesday afternoon, Roy Paulson was run over by a team, while playing in the street in Stratglass park. His head was cut in several places; one leg was badly injured, and collar bone broken.

Wm. Sinclair, of London, has presented to C. L. Chisholm, of which he is an honorary member, a genuine Highlander Claymore. The sword belonged to a member of the 92d or Gordon Highland, who was in the Afghan campaign, and the bow was and the Egyptian war.

**Praise for Dr. True's Elixir.**

The following testimonial, from a mother, is only one of the many we are daily receiving from all parts of the country:

Union, Me., March 27, 1905. Dr. J. F. True, Auburn, Me.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 25 cents for one box of Worm Waters. My youngest son shows symptoms of having worms and I know that your medicine will give prompt relief. My oldest son, Capt. William Lookingood, of Lewiston, when a boy, was sickly and in poor health. We gave him your Elixir and he grew and thrived on it. We believe it saved his life. Yours respectfully, Mrs. John Lookingood.

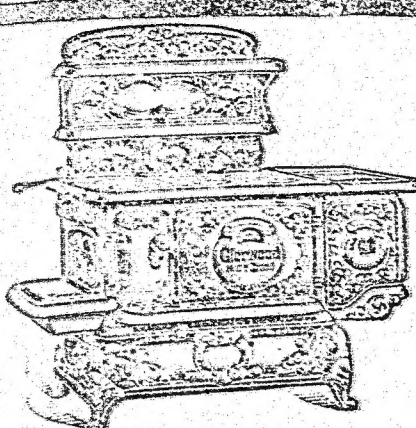
Many children are troubled with worms, but are treated for something else. A valuable course of instruction of children, which should be in the hands of every mother, will be sent free to any address on request to Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

**Wasp Not Down.**

Senator Frye is a hunter, an angler and a naturalist. He is a Cleveland Leader. All his life he has been fond of the woods and of wild creatures. He was born in Maine, in the town of Lewiston, and a Lewiston man said of him recently, "A value was put on his childhood played with the child Frye, and I have heard him tell him his little friend would go out into the field and take up fearlessly in his hands beetles and spiders and all manner of fearsome bugs. One day he took up a wasp. He was very small, you see, and ignorant of wasps' nature, so he took this wasp up in his hand, and of course, it stung him. Instantly he dropped it, and set off homeward in an agony of pain and weariness. A value was put on his childhood played with the child Frye, and I have heard him tell him his little friend would go out into the field and take up fearlessly in his hands beetles and spiders and all manner of fearsome bugs. One day he took up a wasp. 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# There's One Range That's Always Good



## Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Your Old Range taken in Exchange

W. C. LEAVITT, NORWAY.

How about your Furniture and Mattresses? Are they all right for the coming summer? If not, you better call and have them fixed up in proper shape.

Upholstering goods always on hand.

Maker of Rattan Furniture.

A good assortment of clothes, office and other Baskets.

Clothes Dryers, Ironing Boards, Stair ladders.

Picture Frames made to order.

**OTTO SCHNUER**  
MAIN STREET, NORWAY

**VIVIAN W. HILLS**  
Jeweler and Graduate Optician

Dealer in  
Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Watches,  
Diamonds, Rings, Chains, Charms,  
Fountain Pens, Pencils, Novel-  
ties, Cameras and Edison  
Photographs

Opera House Block, Norway, Me.

**F. A. McDANIELS**  
23 Beal St., Norway, Me.

Dealer in  
**Pianos and Organs**  
Also the  
Apollo Piano Player  
and Instruments Taken in Exchange.  
Cash or Installment Plan

**J. F. BOLSTER**  
Commenced work in his Mar-  
ble and Granite Shop on Lynn  
Street last week. Anyone want-  
ing work done before Memorial  
please call on or address

**J. F. BOLSTER,**  
Norway, Me.

**LET 'ER BLOW**  
Wind and Storm  
have no terrors  
do not dismay  
the man who has a roof of  
**PAROID**  
The roofing that lasts. It is admirably the most  
durable roofing material. Contains no fire. At  
any time, fireproof. Any one can apply it.  
Complete roofing kit in each roll. Sample and  
book on "Building Economy" free. It will pay  
you to investigate.

**S. P. Maxim & Son, Agts.**  
South Paris, Me.

Headquarters for  
Doors, Windows, Blinds, Mouldings  
Builders' Finish, Paints, Oils, Var-  
nishes, Etc. 424

**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**

**BETHEL, MAINE.**  
Marble and Granite Workers  
First-Class Workmanship. Letters of Inquiry  
Promptly Answered. See Our Work. Get Our  
Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
**E. E. Whitney & Co.**

**ICE.**  
For Season of 1905  
Early Trade  
South.....\$ 75  
.....1 00  
.....1 25  
.....1 50  
.....1 75

**TEAM ICE**  
.....15  
.....10  
.....10  
.....10  
.....15

**SALE TRADE**  
Orders taking 500 lbs.  
delivery, per ton, \$1.50  
delivered at ice house as  
usual.

O. P. Brooks' market,  
Farmer's store, South  
Paris, Me. prompt attention  
information speak to the

**ENNETT,**  
in Ice  
IS & NORWAY

## SUITABLE SUITS

FOR PARTICULAR DRESSERS

R. S. & W. Suits please particular dressers, because they fit best, wear best and are up to date in style. Made by an old New England firm, with years of experience in supplying the needs of particular dressers.

R. S. & W. coat fronts are built with the finest nonbreakable hair cloth, the shoulders with the best of felts. This insures that the coat fronts will not break and will retain that distinctive appearance which has made R. S. & W. suits the favorite of the best dressers. We're offering a fine assortment of styles in the latest spring fabrics, such as novelty cassimere suitings, novelty Scotch cheviot suitings, blue serge, steel worsteds, novelty worsteds, etc.

Having bought before the recent advance in woollens, we are in a position to sell at low prices. Suits \$6, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$14 and \$15.

No matter what price you decide to pay you are sure of getting the best values for your money in R. S. & W. suits. Call and see for yourself.

**N. M. SMALL & SON**  
WEST PARIS, ME.

**DROP A LINE**  
Fishing Tackle has the call now. We are ready for your demands with our large and complete lines of Poles and Jointed Rods, Linen and Silk Lines, Reels, Bait and Trout Flies, Phantom Minnows, Spinners, Spoons, and Artificial Bait, Hooks, Sinkers, Nets, etc.

**BASE BALL GOODS**  
Agency for Norway of the A. S. Spalding Base Ball Goods, and we have in a complete line, Bats, Balls, Gloves, Mitts, the Guide, Score Books, etc. We also have Reach's Base Ball Goods.

**All Kinds of Sporting Goods, for All**  
Kinds of Sports.

**F. P. STONE, Druggist,**  
143 Main St. Norway, Maine

**THE WINSLOW CHOP TEA,**  
FREE OF CHARGE

Choicest blended Formosa Oolong Tea, is just a little better than any Tea you ever drank. To prove it, we would be very pleased to send you, Free of Charge, a sample package, enough for two trials. Write today, giving your grocer's name.

**Winslow, Rand & Watson**  
Boston, Mass. 15-27

**\$2.00 PER PAIR.**  
Patent applied for, Oil Grain, seamless, never rip, hand nailed, work shoes.

Made from the best Milwaukee Oil Grain. Made with solid leather soles and heels. Made with counters that will out wear the shoes. Made without any vamp seam, which does away with the ripping of stitches. Sold by the leading dealers in Oxford County.

You should wear our seamless work shoes for they will save you lots of trouble. Made only by the

**PINE STATE SHOE CO.**  
NORWAY, ME.

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.**  
**BASE BALL GOODS**

We are ready for the Base Ball season with a complete line of Spalding, Victor and other leading makes of

Balls - 5c to \$1.25  
Bats - 5c to 1.00  
Mitts - 10c to 4.00  
Gloves - 25c to 3.00

Catchers Masks, Heel and Toe Plates, Score Books, etc., etc. We can supply whatever you need.

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,**  
2 Stores { SOUTH PARIS } Maine  
{ WEST PARIS }

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.**

### KEZAR FALLS.

Present of a Bell.  
G. W. Towle has presented the school-house on the Porter side of the river with a fine bell, an article much appreciated by teachers and scholars. Now, if someone would donate a parsonage, provide and equip a parson's establishment, place a clock in the church tower, assist the ladies with the church fence, and by way of an Easter offering provide the necessary plants and shrubs for the beautifying of the enclosed grounds, the needs of the hour will be partially filled.

Mrs. Elias Garland is still very ill. A drive of logs is passing down river on the way to Saco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pease started for Kezear last Tuesday of last week.

Nellie Kezar left for Massachusetts the 5th, intending to make that state her future home.

Bertha M. Wormwood, who has been on the sick list the past two weeks, is convalescing.

Mrs. Fred French and her two little boys are the guests of Mrs. French's brother and sister, John and Emily Rid-  
don.

Nellie, wife of Frank Callomy, died Mar. 29, leaving an infant less than two weeks old, and two other young children, a boy and girl. The funeral was held from the house the following Sunday.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,**

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage caused will do you more harm than good. You can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**WEST FRYEBURG.**  
Bessey, Farrington has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. A. F. Charles returned from Boston, to Asa Charles', Apr. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Waldo McIntire were guests at H. D. E. Hutchins', Apr. 9.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Webster and family were guests at E. E. Walker's, on Sunday the 9th.

Richard Hutchins, who has been in Lowell, Mass., during the winter, has returned home.

Very little maple syrup will be made in this section this spring, compared with former years.

Nellie and George Webster, of East Conway, N. H., spent a few days with their aunt, Mrs. Elmer Walker, last week.

John Andrews, of the East Conway neighborhood, has returned from Wales Hill, Mass., much improved in health.

School in Dist. No. 8, commences April 17, with Abby Ballard, of Fryeburg, as teacher. She taught here last season, with good success.

Chas. Andrews has sold one of his span of horses to a man from Tamworth, N. H., at a good price. Byron Hutchins has also exchanged one with Chester Eastman, of Chatham, N. H.

We are sorry to learn of the continued ill health of May Roberts, caused by too close application to study. She was to graduate from the academy this June, and also to have the salutatory.

Leon McIntire and Felix Chandler, of Kearsarge, N. H., were guests at F. L. Eastman's, Apr. 8. Mr. Chandler also visited at Mrs. Martha Frye's, at Fish Street, being a relative of Mrs. Frye's deceased husband.

**A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.**  
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles. Druggists refund money if **PAIN OINTMENT** fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application has sent 100 in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. 47-20

**SOUTH RUMFORD.**  
Ice went out at East Rumford, April 7. Mrs. George Elliot is having good success with her incubator.

Mattie Pratt from Paris has been visiting her brother, Willard Pratt.

Sam Thurston has commenced his summer's work, running the ferry at Rumford Centre.

Helen Doughty has returned from Woodstock and Milton, where she has been visiting old friends.

Warren Adams from Rumford has been visiting his children, Mrs. Clara Fuller and Charles Adams.

George Jones is through working for his brother-in-law, Eugene Davis, and Mr. Davis has two new men on the milk route.

The R. F. D. carrier has not been over Hill Hill for three weeks as the drifts are not shoveled out so he can get through.

M. L. and W. A. Wyman sawed their wood last week by horse power. Wallie Clark helped them and Saturday, the 15th, they moved the power and saw down there and saved his wood, seven cords in three and a half hours.

The New England Telephone Co. have put cross arms on their telephone poles from the Mills to Zircon and added two wires so the Mill's mines will have an independent line. Until now the mines were connected with the South Rumford and Zircon line.

Mrs. Belle Jones has moved her furniture from the Hemingway House into Mrs. Ackley's house, where she and her son George will live this summer. Mrs. Jones intends going to Newton, Mass., the last of this week to visit her daughter, and George will keep "bachelor's hall" while she is away.

Scrofula, salt rheum, erysipelas and other distressing eruptive diseases yield quickly and permanently to the cleansing, purifying power of Burdock Blood Bitters. 14-17

**WEST DENMARK.**  
Sam Spring of Brownfield called on friends here, recently.

Wm. Hazeltine and grandson Richard, went to Portland, one day recently.

Making cider out of frozen apples is the principal occupation in this locality at present.

Alfonso Hilton was through this section recently, looking for gentlemen's driving horses and matched pairs.

Mrs. Clifton Hazeltine is in Portland with her husband, who recently was operated on at the Maine General Hospital.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.** 47-1  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### BYRON.

Not to Establish a High School.  
A special town meeting was held the 5th, to see if the town would run a free high school the ensuing year. The town voted not to establish a high school owing to the small number of scholars who ready to enter on a high school course. An additional appropriation of \$25 was raised for school books.

Harry Bancroft of Lewiston was in town last week.  
G. Thomas had had his chimney torn down and rebuilt the past week.

**NORTH BUCKFIELD.**  
Gideon Hammond is failing.

Merton Warren's youngest child is very sick.

Lizzie Bonney is going to school at the lower village.

Vinton Keene has gone to Massachusetts to work.

Eugene Fuller and wife were at Isaac Fuller's recently.

Mrs. Amanda Fogg visited among her relatives at the village the 7th.

Mrs. Edie Jordan has moved home to her father's, Charles Dunham's.

Mrs. Ella Braden of East Sumner has lately visited Mrs. Celia Dunham.

E. F. Bicknell and wife of Norway were at J. F. Bicknell's Sunday recently.

Charles Rowe has hired Merritt Farrar's house for a year and has moved in. S. B. Spaulding's in Sumner last Sunday, also Ed Doble from West Sumner.

Norman Philbrick of Peabody, Mass., is visiting his grandfather, Augustus Spaulding and little brother Charlie.

The mud is all dried up on the street and the dust is flying, the men folks are getting the farming tools ready for business and the women folks are house-cleaning.

**SOUTH WOODSTOCK.**  
There are a lot of sick ones in the place.

Mrs. Julia Russell is sick, and sits up but very little.

Mrs. Etta Robbins has 90 chickens, Plymouth Rocks.

Mrs. Evie Lappin is keeping house for Chas. Fickett.

E. B. Davis and wife, and Ethie, are all sick with the grip.

Fred Reed has hired out to J. H. Davis & Son for the summer.

Horatio Hammond has hired out for the season to R. L. Cummings.

Moll Boobier and wife are visiting her mother, Mrs. Denham, at D. H. Curtis'.

Aunt Mary Noyes, who has been making her home with Francis Hammond, died Sunday morning, the 9th. She has been sick for a week with the grip. Funeral was Tuesday, at the house.

**A CARD.**  
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

**FRANK KIMBALL, Norway.**  
45-18 J. H. Brooks, South Paris.

**NORTH WOODSTOCK.**  
H. A. Sessions has moved to his farm in Milton.

Augustus Billings has not been as well the past week.

Helen Doughty has been helping Mrs. R. Farnum clean house.

Alton Bacon and Albert Russ are laying a hardwood floor for Asa Sessions.

Walter Russ of Bridgton spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Russ.

Lewis Farnum and Henry Billings are working for H. A. Sessions on the drive.

Mrs. Hatch, who has been stopping at David Harding's, returned to her home in Auburn, last week.

Bert Davis, W. S. and H. A. Sessions have started their drives and are now waiting for a rise of water.

There was a magic lantern and graphophone entertainment at Poplar school-house, Saturday night, the 8th.

The people in this vicinity who have tapped trees, report a good run of sap. George Brown has made 32 gallons up to date.

**Oxford Pomona Grange.**  
Time 1st Tuesday in May. Place, Oxford Grange, Oxford. Program:  
Opening Grange in 5th degree.....  
Routine business.....  
Conferring 5th degree.....  
Woman's half hour.....  
Topic: The influence of flowers in the home  
Opened by Sister Phillips of Oxford Grange  
Intermission.  
Afternoon.  
Entertainment of one-half hour.....  
Song.....  
Brother F. S. Pike, Hebrew Grange Paper.....  
Brother J. D. Howe of F. Robie Grange Music.....  
Brother J. D. Howe of F. Robie Grange Reading.....  
Question.....  
Answers.....  
The profits of farming will not warrant the payment of thirty dollars a month and board for a hired man.  
All F. B. Andrews. Neg. W. W. Andrews.  
Music.....Norway Grange

**PHYSICIANS ADVISE**  
Using BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF  
THE FAMILY MEDICINE,  
First STOMACH AND BOWEL TROUBLES.  
MONEY REFUNDED if it fails when used as directed. All Dealers sell it.  
Prepared by the Norway Medicine Co., Norway, Me.

**SOUTH CONWAY, N. H.**  
Quite a number are house-cleaning, others are waiting for warmer weather.

One of the selectmen, Mr. Meserve, was lately in the place taking the inventory.

G. F. Cole has been in the place helping his brother Andrew do some of his work.

Charlie Atherton has been taking a well earned vacation. He visited friends in Maine a week.

Judge C. C. Cole, who lately died in Washington, used to teach a high school in this place in war time with his father.

J. F. Stott and F. H. Parsonson were called to Jackson lately to attend George Pinkham's funeral, one of their brother Masons.

Mrs. William H. French is in Limington caring for her husband's brother Daniel's wife, who is very sick with little hopes of her recovery.

Miss A. L. Perry of Sweden commenced school in this district, the 10th. She boards at A. T. Cole's. All are glad to have her come back to teach again. She is a No. 1 teacher.

Andrew Cole has painted, papered and whitewashed his rooms upstairs and down stairs, basins fitting a large pile of wood for the stove. He and wife are numbered among our smart ones.

## HAPPY WOMEN.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, To find relief and cure? No reason why any reader Should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I was doctoring for kidney and liver trouble, but without benefit. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular, and I was tormented with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed 100 pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price, 50 cents per box.

**H. L. RUSSELL**  
(Successor to the James Pledge Market)  
Opposite Elm House, NORWAY, ME.

**MEATS & PROVISIONS**  
OF ALL KINDS  
A. T. Bennett will continue with Mr. Russell

**ORCHARD FARM FOR SALE.**  
Three miles from West Paris, five from South Paris, 120 acres, well divided, wood, pasture and tillage. Between five and six hundred apple trees, seven or eight hundred cordis wood, cuts 35 tons hay, good buildings, running water, cream road, rural mail and telephone lines, school 1/2 mile distant. Call on or address 14-10

**E. F. BARROWS, West Paris, Maine.**

**W. J. WHEELER & CO.**  
**INSURANCE**  
OF ALL KINDS.  
Telephone 10-22, South Paris, Me.  
W. J. WHEELER, South Paris.  
M. A. BAKER, Norway.

**C. H. ADAMS**  
**CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER**  
Manufacturer of  
Door and Window Frames, Mouldings, Brackets,  
Shedding, Turnings of all kinds, Stair  
work, Plank & Band sawing.  
Jobbing of all kinds  
Norway, Me.

**DR. T. J. JUDKINS**  
Veterinary Surgeon.  
R. F. D. No. 1. High St. So. Paris, Me.  
Curtis Hill and Paris Telephone, Division No. 2.  
Telephone 24 High St.  
Prompt attention 45-49

**DR. AUSTIN TENNEY,**  
**OCULIST**  
At the Elm House, Norway  
Thursday, April 13, and first  
Thursday of each following  
month.  
Office hours 10.30 a. m. to 4 p. m. Eyes exam-  
ined free.

**HOUSEKEEPER**  
**WANTED**  
Any time after May 1st.  
Permanent job,  
Good pay.  
**Wm. C. LEAVITT,**  
Norway, Me. 11

If you wish to save time, trouble and money purchase your food at the

**NORWAY BAKERY**  
All goods first class.

**JOHN HAYES, Proprietor,**  
Main Street, Norway, Maine

**CANC STRIPPER**

**T. H. RICKER & SONS.**  
Manufacturers of Circular Saw Mills and  
Saw Mill Machinery. The Celebrated Ricker  
Boiler, Log Hauls, Planing Machines, Matching  
Machines, Swing Cut Off Saws, Double Edgers  
and Gang Cut Off Machines for making boxes  
strippers for stripping all kinds of small  
square stock, shavings, Pulleys, etc.  
HARRISON, MAINE.



# THE NORWAY ADVERTISER

April 21—Anniversary dance, Knights of Pythias, Grange Hall, South Waterford.

April 22—Auction, Paris Town Farm.

April 23—Easter Sunday.

April 24—Apron sale and supper, Concert Hall, Methodist Episcopal church.

Apr. 27—Fast Day.

April 27—Base ball, Norway vs Bryant's Pond, Fair Grounds.

New Advertisements

Want advertisements—Pages 2 and 3

Specialties for Spring—Wm. G. Leavitt, Page 8

Success—Brooks Grocery Store, Page 8

Easter Millinery—Mrs. R. L. Powers, Page 8

Fishing tackle—Noyes Drug Store, Page 8

Parlor Millinery—Mrs. F. E. Drake, Page 8

Flanos—Loy S. Eyster, Page 8

Blacksmith, horsehoe—Arthur Miller, Page 8

Accident Insurance—C. E. Tolman & Co., Page 8

Clothing—F. H. Noyes Co., Page 8

Barbed wire—J. O. Crocker, Page 8

Suits and coats—Thomas Sully, Page 8

Home made candy—J. H. Fletcher, Page 8

Music, kindergarten—Mrs. Cora Briggs, Page 8

Manure forks—Barrows, Page 8

Horses for sale—S. N. Buck, Page 8

El Mona—H. M. Parker, Page 8

Sheet copper—L. M. Longley, Page 8

Millinery—Mrs. G. A. Allen, Page 8

Fresh mackerel—O. P. Brooks, Page 8

The people who have spent the winter away, like the birds are returning to their summer home.

The ADVERTISER will be issued one day earlier next week because of Fast Day. Advertisers and correspondents please notice.

Arthur G. Bennett of Paris has been selected as business manager on the board of editors of the Maine Campus, of the University of Maine.

Methodist Conference Assignments.

C. F. Parsons, presiding elder of Lewiston district.

Edwin and Hiram—J. M. Potter.

Bethel, Mason and Locke's Mills—F. C. Foster.

Bolster's Mills and South Harrison, supplied by D. A. Tuttle.

Bridgton—W. Wood.

Buckfield—to be supplied.

Dennmark and Sand Creek—to be supplied.

Fryeburg and Stow—supplied by E. F. Dougherty.

Norway—to be supplied.

Norway—C. A. Brooks.

Rumford—to be supplied.

Rumford Falls—C. A. Martin.

South Paris—H. A. Clifford.

West Paris—supplied by D. F. Nelson.

Keen Falls—H. A. Pearce.

W. B. Eldridge goes to Ohebeague; J. H. Roberts to Fairfield and Fairfield Center; J. A. Corey to Farmington; T. Whiteside to North Star and Burton; S. Hooper to Kittery, second church; L. A. Bean to York; Charles S. Cummings to North Auburn and Turner; B. F. Fickett to Cumberland and Falmouth.

WEST PARIS.

A Lively Runaway.

As H. R. Tuell was delivering his milk last Friday night, his horse took fright at some wood falling from a woodpile and leaving Mr. Tuell delivering a can of milk at Jerry Cole's on Church street, ran towards Main street, turned the corner at Lane's, crossed Railroad street and thence to Fife's mill, turned and came back; went down Pioneer street to Mr. Whitman's, turned another corner and on to Roscoe Tuell's, turning again towards Trap Corner and was finally caught in Leroy Everett's front yard all unharmed. Except the milk cans were dumped in front of Davis Curtis', where he ran over a stick of wood and going around the corner of White's drug store the wagon seat was thrown out, no damage. Runaways with less damage scarcely ever happen.

Mrs. F. D. Small's mother visited her last week.

George Tabbs is saving out the lumber at Willis mill. It will take several weeks.

Fred Waterhouse and family of Greenwood have moved into the lower part of Dunham's Hall.

Cora Dexter is home from a visit to Bridgton. She is going to Greene next week to teach school.

Mrs. Clara Ridlon came from Yarmouth, Tuesday, with the remains of George Jackson for burial here.

Laura E. Bailey of Portland will work for Mrs. M. G. Bradbury in her millinery rooms as trimmer during the early part of the season.

Rev. A. J. Parker has resigned his pastorate here and is moving to North Paris, where he will continue the services there as formerly for the summer.

Mrs. Roscoe Tuell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. I. L. Bowker in Portland. Mrs. Eliza Curtis is keeping house for Mr. Tuell in her absence.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin and family have been visiting at E. Marshall's. Mr. Baldwin has accepted a call to South Paris Congregational church.

Will Hall of Rumford Falls was down a day or two last week. Al. Swift has bought his house on Greenwood street and will move there in a few weeks.

L. C. Bates has had brick hauled and begun on the ground for another detached house to be built this summer between his last house and Chas. H. Bates'.

Frank Keene and family are moving to Hebron for the summer. He expects to come back again another winter to haul lumber for the Paris Manufacturing Company.

Rev. D. F. Nelson and family returned Monday night. The next morning they discovered that thieves had visited them during the night and carried off several things, among which was a watch that he valued. Tramps were seen in the village the day before and two of them were arrested but for lack of sufficient evidence were soon released.

There will be an Easter sermon at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. Sunday evening, April 23, the three societies will unite with the W. C. T. U. in holding an Easter and temperance service at the M. E. church. There will be songs and recitations by some of the children and an appropriate program will be arranged by the committee. Every one is cordially invited.

ANDOVER.

Mrs. Joseph Henry Abbott is still seriously ill.

Florence Thomas has gone to Norway a few days.

Mrs. Helen Kimball is assisting at the Milton House.

Easter will be observed April 23. Easter sermon by the pastor of the Congregational church. Special music by the choir. The anthem, Awake Thou That Sleepest, by Caleb Sinner, also Nazareth, will be given. In the evening the Sunday school will give the service. The Bisen King assisted by the choir who will give the Easter anthem, The Magdalen by Geo. W. Warren.

## NORTH WATERFORD.

The Railroad.

The railroad men were in town Friday, enthusiastic with plans for the railroad soon to be built, taking the rounded built in 1897 for its foundation. Practically the same route will be followed.

Schools will begin April 24th.

Bert Bird has gone to Albany for a short time.

Madeline McNeil has gone to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Lizzie Littlefield has returned from Bingham.

Frank Knight is very ill at his sister's, Eliza Proctor's.

Blanche Millett visited at her grandfather's last week.

Mrs. Ella Rice Millett visited at John F. Rice's, recently.

D. W. Rice has purchased a pair of horses of Walter Douglass.

J. W. Dresser is at work blacksmithing in Eugene Andrews' shop.

Mrs. Moses Mosher returned from her visit to Somerville, Mass., last Friday.

Frank Coffin purchased two driving horses of Burnham W. Rice, last week.

We hear that Arthur Saunders is to move to East Waterford, where he has work.

Mrs. Ellen Millett has returned from a week's visit to Boston, where she has been on business.

Mrs. Stella Hobson has been seriously ill with rheumatism, being unable to walk for several days.

Two gentlemen from Conway, N. H., were in town recently, looking for horses to place in a livery stable.

Schools will begin Monday, April 24. Lena Bisbee will teach the Primary, and a college student, whose name we have not learned, will teach in the higher grade.

Rev. Mr. Gates, D. D., of London, preached last Sunday. He is a man of excellent education, and high position in the church, but by reason of failing health is looking among the hills of New England for a farm, as a rest for tired nerves.

NORWAY LAKE.

Ice in Lake Penesseewassee.

The big bog was clear ice Sunday but it looks as though the ice in the pond would last some time yet.

Ella Edgecomb of Norway is at J. S. Partridge's.

Mrs. O. F. Boober has returned from her visit in Gilead.

V. L. Partridge went to Auburn Monday night, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Winnie Hall visited her sister, Mrs. Asa Frost, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. John Smith of New Hampshire is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Wood.

Jonathan Herick is at work on Eugene Smith's building and boards at J. E. Pottle's.

Mrs. Una Westleigh and little daughter of Bethel visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Frost, Sunday.

WELCHVILLE.

Lula Randall is sick with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Seliger is visiting friends at North Auburn.

Rosemond Bowker is very ill with rheumatism and heart trouble.

Rev. C. H. B. Seliger has had a call to preach at Tripp, South Dakota.

H. R. Everett is able to walk about the house by himself.

School commenced Monday, Mary E. Douglass teaches the Grammar, Lena R. Lufkin, the Primary.

Florence Hunting, Anna Bell Bennett, Stella Brooks and Charlie Hall are attending school at Oxford.

Grace M. Warren was called home from Everett, Mass., by the serious illness of her father, M. B. Warren.

FRYEBURG CENTER.

E. D. Abbott and Everett Goodridge went to Norway last week, looking for horses.

Mrs. J. W. Towle was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. F. C. Haley, for several days last week.

The district school commenced April 17th with Edith Farrington, teacher, who will board at home.

Felix Chandler of North Conway visited Mrs. Martha Frye last week and called on Mrs. M. Chandler.

There was an auction April 15th at Mrs. F. N. Frye's, selling off old farming tools, William Gordon, auctioneer.

Everett Goodridge is at home on a vacation from his work in Sweden at Wilbur Moulton's. He will go back in a few days for the summer.

Potatoes are selling at the depot for 20 cts. a bushel. R. Brickett has a thousand or more bushels to sell and many other farmers here have from one to five hundred.

SWEDEN.

Ben D. Knight is at home.

The ice is broken up in Keyes pond. The croak of the frog is again heard.

J. Edward Perry went to North Bridgton, Sunday.

Walter M. Evans recently sold his horse named Simon.

Alice L. Perry has returned to her school in Conway, N. H.

O. R. Maxwell is painting the cemetery fence near Winfield S. Stevens'.

S. L. Plummer of Lovell is in town sawing wood with his gasoline engine.

Our schools begin April 24th. Abbie E. Woodbury teaches at Newry's Corner.

S. Irving Chandler is going to work for Mrs. Mary E. Plummer this season. J. Walter Flint, who has been sick a long time, has got so he can do light work.

Mrs. Wilber W. Wilson and daughter are with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis and children of North Waterford spent Saturday at Bert D. Stone's.

A few of our maple orchardists have improved the nice run of sap and made a fine lot of syrup.

The rug fever has struck Sweden again. Mrs. Daniel H. Woodbury is drawing one. Alice L. Perry has just done one.

Oscar Kimball is in Lovell at work for John A. Fox in his mill. Winfield S. Stevens is helping Mr. Kimball's sons saw their wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morrison and daughter of Bridgton Highlands were at B. S. Holden's last week and called on other old friends.

Rev. J. B. Howard has left South Waterford and Sweden, and transferred from this to the Alberta Conference British Provinces, West Canada.

Advertised Lettens, Norway.

Lizzie Treacatan, Oscar Demott, Joseph Corrievan.

## BETHEL.

Town Buildings Burnt.

The large house and farm buildings of Chas. E. Valentine on the north side of the river were consumed by fire last Saturday noon. Mr. Valentine was away delivering mail and the family at dinner, when it was discovered that the barn was on fire. Mrs. Valentine ran to Mr. Upton's, the nearest neighbor, to give the alarm while the little boy and grandmother did what they could to save the stock, but in spite of their efforts, three jersey cows and a yearling heifer perished in the flames.

There was a high wind and as the buildings were all connected the fire spread rapidly and only a small amount of furniture was saved. The large spacious house had been put in readiness for the coming season and would have been filled with summer boarders in years before. The buildings were insured for \$2,000, but no insurance on the furniture.

H. C. Rowe has a Prescott automobile.

O. H. Sawtelle returned from Lewiston last Monday.

Carpenters and painters are all employed in the village.

James S. Bartlett is rather under the weather but improving.

Water is low and river drivers are having a hard season so far.

There are catching suckers at the mouth of the Alder river.

Mrs. Alice Farwell went to the hospital for treatment, Tuesday.

Rev. F. E. Barton preached at the new Universalist church at North Newry, Sunday.

Farmers and gardeners are beginning to plow their land and getting ready for seed time.

Archibald Grover is in Boston for a short time, sent there by the University of Maine in the interest of college work.

Fred B. Merrill has completed his course at Harvard Law school and returned home. He will take his examination for admission to the bar later.

The selectmen are putting the inventory on the books and are making taxes. Repairs on the highways also calls their attention as first is sufficiently out of the ground to begin work with the machines.

The fire police for the village corporation were organized last Friday evening with

Clerk—A. C. Frost.

Chief—A. C. Frost.

Asst. Chief—A. R. Wiley.

Com. on By-laws—H. C. Barker, G. R. Wiley, A. C. Frost.

A petition has been fully signed for the organization of Riverside cemetery, situated on the North bank of the Androscoggin river just above Mayville.

The petition is addressed to A. W. Grover, esq., and calls for a meeting to be held at his office at 2 o'clock, p. m., April 29, to complete the organization in full.

Middle Intervale.

Several from here are students at Gould's academy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Herwin are in Brookton, Mass., where he has employment.

Mrs. Z. Bartlett of East Bethel has been delivering room papers in this vicinity.

Ned Carter has recovered from measles and now his sister Frances is sick with them.

H. M. Osgood has purchased a team and is now peddling in an easier way than previously.

School commenced Apr. 17, Cora Farwell, teacher. Several from here attended teacher's examination, last week.

Mollie Carter teaches at second term at Walker's Mills. Maud Russell teaches at East Bethel.

Grover Hill.

George Goddard was in the place Sunday.

A. B. Grover has traded for a span of black horses.

Karl Stearns, carries the Grover Hill school this term.

Porter Farwell was at Frank Powers' one day last week.

Mrs. Besse is with her step-daughter, Mrs. Frank Powers.

True Browne drove out his timber last Thursday and Friday.

Margaret Whidden opened the spring term on the Flat, Apr. 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kendall from Newry, were in the place Sunday.

Edie Tyler is the guest of her friend, tools, William Gordon, auctioneer.

Marion Bennett expects to open the spring term of school in Mason, Apr. 24.

Evander Whitman commenced attending the Bethel Grammar school, Monday.

Mrs. Freeland Bennett, who has been quite ill, is convalescing under the treatment of her physician.

Gwendolyn Stearns went to Errol, N. H., Monday, where she is to teach in the village school this spring.

Frank Powers is contemplating removing from the Bartlett place, that he now occupies. He is looking for a farm that he can hire for the season.

Byron Moore and Mr. Fiske of Boston, who are acing in Bethel, were here last Tuesday enjoying the beautiful scenery of Grover Hill. Karl Stearns accompanied Mr. Fiske to Hastings Bros' lumber camps in Mason, last Saturday.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Smelts Are Running.

Smelts are running in the brooks.

Schools commence April 24.

Charles Cheever is working for Frank Bell.

Edna Hayes has been visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Will we get the railroad or not?" is the question of the day.

Cooler weather last Sunday and Monday with a light fall of snow.

The L. & T. club will reproduce the Mook Graduation at Sweden, Wednesday evening, April 26.

Bert Sanderson has returned home from Massachusetts for a short vacation.

He went there to work last spring has been ill with pneumonia from which he is rapidly recovering.

LYNCHVILLE.

George Keniston has sold his cow to Clifford Eastman.

George Keniston has bought a horse of Clifford Eastman.

Henry Plummer came home from Paris to stop over Sunday.

Mrs. John Grover and children were at Silas McKee's, Sunday.

Mrs. L. A. Arling is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Bickford of Stoneham.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtis visited her parental home in Lovell over Sunday.

## OXFORD.

Fore Street.

Edna Cummings visited at her aunt's, Mrs. E. E. Twitchell's, last week.

Charles Lovejoy's family are out again after being quarantined for several weeks.

Our school will begin Monday, April 24. It was put off on account of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Gardner Rowe is very sick with pneumonia. She has a trained nurse caring for her.

Harry Robinson is ill and under a physician's care.

Leon Walker is at home from Cambridge law school.

Charles Hanson is at work for Solon Downing in East Oxford.

Mrs. Josiah Trebilcock is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mrs. Caroline Bumpus is improving, and able to sit up a part of each day.

Ernest Peaco of Otisfield, has moved to the farm belonging to J. B. Robinson.

C. H. Bumpus and John Bowser are shingling for Scott Patterson of Welchville.

Nellie Hayes, who has spent the winter with relatives in Portland, has returned home.

Walter Bean and son, William, are having a steam yacht built for their use the coming season.

The many friends of Dr. A. L. Hersey are glad to welcome him home from his sojourn in the South.

Mrs. Ernest H. Hall of Augusta, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hayes.

A dance will be given Fast eve, Apr. 26, at Robinson Hall, Oxford. Music by Edwards' & Stevens' orchestra, hall director, Frederick Tinker.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Littlewood have returned from their visit to their daughter, Mrs. Leslie Faunce of Somersworth, N. H. The worthy couple have enjoyed the vacation and are much improved in health.



## Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles, pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine par excellence, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

Scarcity of Blood, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Boils, Pimples, All kinds of Humors, Psoriasis, Blood Poisoning, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Etc.

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

We expect

## FRESH MACKEREL

in a few days. Watch for

## LOBSTERS

Why not place your order for a Fish dinner Friday? We expect to have Cod, Haddock, Cusk, Halibut, (possibly Mackerel) Whitefish, Bluefish, Shad, Finnan Haddie, Clams and Oysters, also all kinds of Western and Domestic Meats constantly on hand. If you want a good thing, we can furnish it. Home made products a specialty.

## O. P. BROOKS,

Dealer in Choice Meats, Fish and Provisions. Norway, Me.

## EL MONA

SEASON OF 1905

If you are to breed your mare this season, it will pay you to wait until you have seen the Wilkes color, El Mona, before you decide what horse to use. El Mona, foaled in 1893, is said to be in color, shape, hands and weight 100 lbs. He is a good horse individually and his breeding speaks for itself.

El Mona was bred by El Sable; by Guy Wilkes, 2:15; by George Wilkes, 2:22; by Hambletonian, 10.

El Sable, sire of El Mona, was bred by William Corbett, San Mateo, California.

Mona A. record 2:53, the dam of El Mona, was sired by Riverstone; by Mambrino Wilkes, 2:28; by George Wilkes, 2:22; by Hambletonian, 10.

2d dam by Highland Lad.

El Mona, owned by William R. Jenkins, South Waterford, Me., is in charge of

H. M. PARKER, and will stand for service at his stable EAST STONEHAM, ME.

Season of 1905. 10-15

TERMS, \$10.00 TO WARRANT

## FRED A. COLE,

Of Westbrook, Maine

a brother of the late Horace Cole, has purchased the

Cole's Jewelry Store

Near Postoffice NORWAY and invites you to call and look over his stock.

All kinds of Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

BICYCLE RIDING

Time to get ready for the spring riding, which will be good in a few days. I am prepared to promptly clean and repair your wheel. Bring it in.

NEW BICYCLES

I have a few new wheels with the latest coster brake which I will sell at a reasonable figure. They are light, good looking and durable.

BICYCLE SUNDRIES

Most everything in this line that you want. If I haven't got it I will get it for you. Come in and look at our wheel goods.

C. G. KENERSON,

Corner Bridge and Main Sts., Norway, Me.

PARIS HILL

Moving and Changes.

The new firm of Sorbrier & Newell, dealers in meat, begin business next week. Several changes in real estate and so forth are in train. Frank Robbins has sold his place to M. E. Shaw and will move to the Bartlett farm near the Hollow schoolhouse. Dr. Aldrich is moving to the Clark house. Charlie Andrews will move to the Crocker house. H. M. Daniels has bought Albion Abbott's farm and will move there. Joseph Slatkoff, who has had charge of that farm for a year or so, will move into the Daniels house. Miss Twitchell has moved from the parsonage next to Dr. M. M. Houghton's. Who says there is nothing going on? Surely this is a moving time.

Eugene Hammond leaves about May 1st to take a position in the M. C. R. R. repair shops.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Maxin, who have been in Florida this winter, returned to Paris last week.

There will be special Easter services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

Prof. Wright of Harvard and a party of several gentlemen are at the Hubbard House for a short time. Mr. Mica is the Mecca of the pilgrims.

Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker of Arlington, Mass., will occupy the pulpit at the Universalist church next Sunday, services in the morning and evening. The young ladies' choral club will furnish music. Mr. Knickerbocker was formerly pastor of the Elm Street church, Auburn.

Mrs. E. H. Cummings has had some quite extensive repairs and changes made on her house on Court square.

This was formerly the father's house but since Mrs. Cummings has taken it she has rechristened it Sunset Cottage, a very appropriate name as the sunset view is one of the finest in the State.

## HARRISON.

Death Has Visited Us.

Mrs. Sylvester, formerly of Casco, died here at the home of her son, Dr. C. B. Sylvester, where she was with her husband, had been spending the winter. After prayers at the house on Sunday, she was taken to her old home in Casco for interment in the family lot.

May Whitney goes this week to Dixfield, where she is to teach.

Mildred Dudley from Poland Springs spent Sunday with her parents.

Lakeside Grange is expecting work in the third and fourth degrees at its next meeting.

Mrs. Edith Caswell, Emily Caswell and Josephine Ricker started Monday for a trip to Washington. They expect to spend Easter Sunday in the Capital city.

Mrs. M. M. Patrick went to Portland last week to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the County Sabbath School Association of which she is a member.

The last circle of the season was given at the Congregational vestry, Friday evening, April 14th. After supper a fine entertainment was given consisting of graphophone selections by H. H. Caswell, violin and mandolin duets by the Chapman brothers, solos by Jessie Ricker and L. F. McCormick and reading by Mr. Peters of Bridgton Academy. These circles have been held once a month during the winter and have been very successful both socially and financially.

A flock of over fifty wild geese crossed here Tuesday, headed north.

A. F. Davis & Sons have a thoroughbred Berkshire boar, which came from the Stuart Farm.

## SOUTH HARRISON.

Saved Off Two Fingers and Thumb.

John Hartford while recently at work in Joe Pitts' saw mill at the village sawed off his thumb and two fingers on his right hand. Doing well at this writing.

Songo smelts are with us now.

Will Marston is stopping at George Adams'.

Roy Johnson is to work in Waterford this summer.

Mrs. Nancy Lewis has a lame arm and is otherwise ill.

Charles Pendexter has bought Chester Russell's place.

Eugene Johnson visited at South Bridgton recently.

Edith Tripp of Poland is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Chaplin.

Mrs. Wayland Johnson is to work at Kendall Smith's, Edes' Falls.

One of our cream collectors, Frank Jordan of Cook's Mills, is sick.

Mrs. Ruth A. Buck is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Greene at North Bridgton.

Edna Watson of Naples has made a week's visit at her aunt's, Mrs. Eugene Johnson's.

Charles Pendexter and wife were guests at Ed. Watson's in Naples last Saturday and Sunday.

Bela Strout and wife have moved to Canton for the summer, where Mr. Strout has a job driving a team.

## BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Tho. Bridgman is still quite ill.

We learn from Mr. Prince that he is to go to Liston Falls.

Rev. Mr. Prince has been to Conference and returned.

F. R. Dyer, esq., entertained his father from Riley over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Athearn spent last week in Massachusetts visiting a son.

Joseph Emery of Boston recently called on his brother-in-law, N. E. Morrill.

The Misses Dean, who have been stopping in Portland several weeks, returned Monday.

Buckfield Literary club met Tuesday with Mrs. Belle Nulty. Nezinscot History club met with Miss A. Prince.

It was said of an irate man on an occasion that he informed a woman that he had known her from her boyhood and had never known any good of her.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford attended the funeral of Mrs. Wm. Record, April 12th. Mr. Hannaford was an especial favorite of the deceased during his pastorate here.

Schools commenced Monday. The high school commenced two weeks ago under the instruction of Mr. Lord, who has taught two previous terms. Mac Chaffin and Miss Bridgman have their old places, intermediate and primary.

## HIRAM.

The Spring Time.

Spring is opening lovely, roads are drying up and everyone seems to be happy. Farmers are splitting up their wood piles, shingling and painting their buildings, plowing, hauling out manure and getting ready to plant sweet corn, of which there will be a large acreage planted in this part of the state this season.

Rolling logs into Saco river will be a large business this spring, as there are hundreds of thousands landed on the banks. Saw mills are in full blast, saving out lumber. There is work for everyone. Bright prospects and a rich harvest is near.

Mrs. J. F. Buzzell of Fryeburg is visiting friends in Hiram.

The Frenchmen, Audettes, are cutting a lot of wood for C. C. Lowell.

Albert Stearns is mending his ways by cutting bushes from the roadside.

R. N. Lowell has sold one pair of his heavy oxen to Roscoe Pease, of Cornish.

Eugene Poore is going to Cumberland Center to do a job of painting for N. D. Farwell.

A number of Hiram's boys have gone up the line to work on the railroad this summer.

Albert Lowell and George Osgood are in very poor health this spring. One is 83, the other 88.

Charles Randall's family has been having a hard time with the grip, but all are better at this writing.

R. S. and H. Moulton are blasting rocks in their field, which will make a great improvement in the looks of their farm.

Levi Jewett, who was at work in the Charles Hill steam mill, running the stripper, got three of his fingers sawed badly.

Mrs. Adams of Brownfield has been building a chimney and plastering the Day schoolhouse, which has been reinstated this spring.

Rev. G. T. Ridlon, assisted by Rev. Palmer and Potter, is doing a good work at the Methodist church, there being many who have proclaimed a risen Savior, and wish to co-operate in the study and practice of his religion.

## ALBANY.

Valley Road.

Summer Bean is better.

Herbert Wheeler has a graphophone.

Mrs. Lydia Fernald visited Mrs. G. E. Grover, the 11th.

Ada Bean has returned from her visit to North Waterford.

D. R. Smith of Bethel was a recent visitor to G. E. Grover.

Mrs. Ida Wardwell and daughters visited relatives in Bethel last week.

Willie and Harry Inman spent Sunday with their parents at Walker's Mills.

The L. R. C. Club will give a dance at the town house on the evening of the 26th.

"Aunt Ann" Flint is spending a few weeks with her son Orrin, at her old home.

The L. R. C. Club met with Estella Bean, the 12th, and with Mrs. Bessie Swan, the 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunham visited at J. W. Cummings, Sunday; also W. E. Cummings and family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Grover attended the funeral of Mrs. Grover's aunt, Mrs. Dolly A. Mills, last Sunday.

Joe Harrington of Greenwood took supper recently with his old-time school teacher, Mrs. A. E. K. Grover.

Laura and Edith Cummings have been spending a few weeks at their parents', Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Cummings will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at the grange hall on the evening of May 1st.

Mrs. Dolly A. (Kendall) Mills was born on the farm known as the Kendall's Ferry farm, in Bethel, and was the only daughter of Bezael and Annie (Bean) Kendall. She married Nelson Mills of Bethel, and has always lived on the farm, where she went as a bride. She lived until a ripe old age, having passed her eighty-third birthday, the 25th of last February. Interment was at the Flat cemetery in Bethel.

Orrin Flint purchased a pair of oxen last week.

Amos G. Bean went to Norway, Monday, on business.

Wallace Bird and wife visited relatives in North Norway this week.

The R. M. L. Club met with Mrs. Wm. McNally Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. D. H. Cummings and Mrs. Wm. McNally visited Mrs. Newton Moore, Wednesday.

William McNally and wife have moved back to the Cole farm. Davis McNally is somewhat better.

Arthur Andrews, who came home Friday from attending Gould's academy, was taken quite ill, Sunday.

George Cummings and Lucian Andrews are having their birch sawed into spool stock at C. H. Fernald's mill.

Dexter Cummings bought of Merritt Sawin a pair of oxen one day last week. On the way home he sold them at a bargain.

Wallace E. Cummings and wife went to Waterford one day last week calling on Mr. Cummings' father, Joseph Willey Cummings, while on the way.

The selectmen will meet at the town house Wednesday to see whether they will grant a permit to the Albany Telephone and Telegraph Company, to erect poles along the roads of the town.

## WEST BETHEL.

With the Teachers.

Our village school commenced last Monday with Addie Horr, as teacher, who comes highly recommended, and a profitable term is expected.

Florence Skillings is teacher at Milton Plantation, school commencing last Tuesday.

Grace Mills of this village will teach on Bird Hill in Bethel, school to commence next Monday. She taught there last year, and being again placed there for a second year, speaks well for her as a teacher.

W. D. Mills has killed one of his pigs. Rob Spiller, of Shelburne, N. H., was in this village, recently.

Ed Kennaugh has been quite sick for several days, but is now improving.

Mrs. Etta Dennis has a smart little boy of his age. His parents have reason to feel proud of him.

H. P. Dennison has a new hand cart, which is a very convenient to haul small lots of freight and express.

E. P. Philbrook has moved into one of the rents of N. R. Springer, where Henry Wentworth recently moved out.

Moses Chaudler, who has been stopping through the winter in Boston, with his son and family, has now returned, and is stopping with his daughter, Mrs. Harry Seeley and family.

## LOVELL.

Mrs. Frank Emery is sick with a bad cold.

N. T. Fox bought two horses in Norway last week.

N. T. Fox and George Stanley were in Portland, Saturday.

Charley Rose will work for G. W. Walker this summer.

Lloyd and Leroy Poore are painting Seth Hutchins' house.

F. A. Harmon and A. R. Davis are painting O. E. Andrews' buildings.

J. H. Stearns of Fair View House was at his daughter's, Mrs. G. W. Walker's, last week.

John Lewis and family of North Waterford were in town Saturday. They stopped at George Marton's.

Frank Harmon was in Portland and Augusta on business. Mrs. Harmon went with him to Portland. They returned Thursday.

The Woman's Library club will give a supper and entertainment at Pine Grove hall, Friday evening, April 28, consisting of the farce, "How the Colonel Proposed," songs, reading, etc. Music will be furnished for entertainment and social dancing by Packard's orchestra of Waterford.

## NEWRY.

Ray Thurston made a flying trip home last Sunday.

L. W. Ramsdell went to Waterford last Saturday.

C. D. Bean and wife visited at Frank Douglass', last week.

Mrs. Carrie Harlow called at W. N. Power's last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Douglass spent last Sunday at W. N. Power's.

A. H. Powers is at Sunday River finishing some rooms for H. M. Kendall.

Frank Douglass had a very sick horse last week, but it is a little better now.

Chas. Moore and wife of North Bethel visited her mother, Mrs. N. S. Baker, last Sunday.

## BOLSTER'S MILLS.

A Warning to the People.

During the very high wind of Monday afternoon a chimney in Ernest Gay's store burned out, the fire catching on the roof. Prompt action prevented the loss of the building. Another warning to our people that we should own the necessary apparatus to extinguish fire ere a conflagration sweeps over our little village.

Arthur Pinkham has gone to Waterford to work.

Alfred Ohite and family recently visited at Harry Lowell's.

Mrs. Horace Walker of Harrison visited relatives here last Sabbath.

J. Bennett Pike of Bridgton called on friends here the first of the week.

Winifred Kendall of Waterford is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Skillings.

There was no preaching at the church last Sabbath as Rev. Mr. Tuttle was attending the Maine Conference. The Sabbath school and evening service were held as usual.

## UPTON.

Fell into a Well.

A yearling heifer owned by Jack Burke, fell into an unused well, falling 11 feet to the water, which was three feet deep. She was badly chilled when found.

E. Abbott is sick with the prevailing epidemic.

Willie Tidswell cut his foot quite badly the first of the week.

Charles Chase has sold his store and goods to his son, J. O. Douglass.

Ronald Burke and Lee Gamble went to Bethel Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Yale and little son, from Newry, are visiting her parental home.

H. T. Chase starts for the Maine General hospital on Monday, for treatment.

Charles Chase has given bonds as Constable, and Gerry Brooks is Trial Justice.

Jim Bernier has recently purchased a span of horses of Baker Thurston, of Bethel.

The telephone wire is strung and the boxes are to be put in some time during the week.

Wm. Durkee of Bethel has moved his family into the J. O. Douglass rent on Thistle street.

Mrs. H. I. Abbott, who has been visiting her relatives at Canada, has returned home. One of her nieces, also her father, Mr. Carnes, came with her.

## EAST WATERFORD.

John Grover is working for G. M. Stevens.

F. P. Stanley is having his buildings painted.

A. Pennock has moved his family into the Martin place.

Frank Millett of Waterford is working for Fred Kilgore.

Quite a number in this place are working at Lisbetown, in the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tyler and little son Cecil, have been visiting in Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Richardson of Greenwood are moving into this place, and will occupy the rent over P. H. Rolfe's store.

Mrs. G. M. Stevens, who has been in poor health for some time, is much better. Mrs. Haggatt of South Paris is working for her.

Bertha E. Stanley, on her seventeenth birthday, received nice presents from her many friends, and in the afternoon from two till four o'clock a good time was passed. At half past two a nice treat was served, and then games of all kinds were played, and at last some very fine music was played on an organ by Maria H. Stanley. At four o'clock they all went home, wishing her many happy returns on her next birthday.

## EAST OTISFIELD.

Edna Fields is on the sick list.

Maurice Kemp has planted his early peas.

Mrs. Lizzie Shaw has finished work at T. S. Everett's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wardwell were in Portland, Thursday.

Mabel Pike, of Harrison, is at work for M. V. B. Jilson.

Woodbury Edwards is sick at his sister's, Mrs. A. A. Cleveland's.

Eisworth W. Davis has gone to Massachussetts for week or ten days.

Edward Loring has been spending a few days in Portland, with friends.

Phillis Lisan, of Oxford, spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Harry Stone.

Almeda Edwards, of Portland, has been stopping in this place a few days.

Mrs. Callie Stone and Mrs. Della Stone visited Mrs. Bertha Stone last Thursday.

D. L. Holden has sold a new Singer sewing machine to Mrs. Wilber Plummer.

Ernest Peaco and wife have gone to Oxford, to work for John Robinson on the farm.











## You can make better food with Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Lighter, sweeter, more palatable  
and wholesome.

### FRYEBURG.

Joseph O. Allard died Apr. 9th, at the residence of A. R. Jenness, where he has been living several years. He had a shock about a year ago, and has been in a nearly helpless condition ever since. He was an upright man in all his dealings, and had a host of friends. He leaves a widow.

Robbie Evans is at home. Very cold for the middle of April. The village schools commenced this week.

Charlie Burbank was at home for two days last week. Ollie Cameron came up from Portland and stopped over Sunday. Maple syrup is coming in quite freely.

now, and is selling for one dollar per gallon.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new jeweler's store on Main street.

Second-hand piano for sale at a very low price. Inquire of H. H. Burbank. The ground was covered with snow Saturday morning, but it soon disappeared.

The members of the Junior Christian Endeavor had a social and ice cream sale Tuesday evening, Apr. 11th, at the vestry.

Rev. Mr. Crane is expected to preach at the Congregational church next Sunday, (Easter.) He is secretary of the Maine Christian Endeavor Society, and a very interesting speaker. It is hoped that a large congregation will greet him. Services 10.30 a. m., and 7 p. m.

## SUITS AND COATS

You will find many pretty styles and materials in our stock of Suits and Coats for spring. Ours are all made especially for us therefore they are just a little different from others. You will find our prices right.

- ONE LOT suits of novelty mixture in blue, brown and black, short blouse jacket, heavy satin lined, flat collar, trimmed with steel buttons and braid, large sleeve, full skirt plaited from knee down.....\$10.00
- ONE LOT suits of good quality cheviot, blue and black, blouse jacket, yoke front and back trimmed with black silk braid, tucked from yoke down, large sleeve, tucked cuff, full skirt plaited from knee.....\$15.00
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of good brilliantine in brown and blue, waist tucked back and front, large sleeve tucked from cuff nearly to elbow, changeable silk tie, tucked skirt, regular sizes.....\$4.98
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of white linen finish goods, waist is tucked front and back with two embroidered panels in front, plaited skirt with two embroidered panels to match waist, very neat.....\$3.98
- ONE LOT separate coats of good covert cloth, 2 1/2 inches long, strapped front and back, also tabs and buttons, large sleeve, tucked at cuff satin lined.....\$7.50
- ONE LOT misses' coats of light covert cloth, unlined, loose back with belt, flat collar of velvet, silk braid and buttons, large sleeve, pockets.....\$3.98
- ONE LOT RAIN COATS of gray and brown mixture, flat collar, fly front, tucked in back from waist line to shoulder, belt, large sleeve, neat cuff, a very serviceable garment.....\$9.00

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The subject of this sketch was born Sept. 24, 1818, and died April 14, 1905. May 1st, 1836, she was united in marriage to Asa Andrews, and they commenced life on what is known as Otisfield Gore. Five children blessed the union, only one of whom, W. W. Andrews, of Oxford, survives her. Their golden wedding was celebrated May 1st, 1888, the husband being called to his reward Dec. 27, 1893, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Andrews cheerfully toiled early and late for the family she loved, thinking not of herself, but always anxious to do a kindly act for others. In the home and the community she stood for all that was pure and good.

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PLYMOUTH ROCK Eggs for hatching, good blood. Geo. C. Leavitt, Norway, Me. 16\*

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LOST A large, well marked, black and white St. Bernard dog, answers to the name of Don, weight about 110 pounds. Any information leading to his recovery will be suitably rewarded. Ira Harriman, Norway, Maine. 16\*

FOR SALE Summer cottage, west shore of Penesseewassee Lake, boat house and wharf, spring water, fine grove, beautiful situation, write J. H. Stuart, South Paris, Me. 16\*

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EXTRA

ALL ABOUT OUR NEW SPRING SUITS

TOP COATS

HATS

HABERDASHERY

ETC. ETC.

2/3

Of a man's life and much of his

money is spent in his clothes, and

strange as it may seem, the

better clothes he buys the less it

costs him to keep well dressed.

It's the quality, durability, style

and the

All Around Superiority

for the price that makes our high

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Boys' and young men's clothes

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F. H. NOYES CO.

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Do not fail to see the

Easy Rotary Clothes

Washer

It will wash clean and do it easy.

Novelty Ball Bearing

Wringers

Three Years Warrant

Will fit the Rotary Washing Machine.

A large stock of

Wire Screen Cloth

Both black and white

Screen Doors and Window

Screens, Screen Door

Hinges and Fast

CULTIVATORS

Spade Tooth, Diamond Tooth,

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Best Tools to be had, and the

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"Are you one of the masters of the school?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Mole, proudly drawing himself up.

"Whose school is it?"

"Pomona House, Little Bridge, Herfordshire; principal, Mr. Crawcour, assisted by competent masters; reference to the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and parents of boys if—"

"Excuse me, I did not ask you for your circular. That I can read at my leisure," interrupted Mr. Bedington, smiling. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Pursue the runaway."

"Ride after the truant and bring him back to you, eh?" said Mr. Bedington. "Would that be fair?"

"Certainly, sir. You need have no scruples of conscience," Mr. Mole hastened to say.

"Unfortunately for you, I have, and I shall not pursue the boy for you."

Giving his horse the reins, Mr. Bedington walked the animal slowly on. "What a curmudgeon!" said Mr. Mole.

"A perfect brute!" chimed in Collinson.

"There is no help for it," continued the senior master, throwing the mud out of the window, which instantly sank in the mud.

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As he put his foot on the top of the fly he slipped and fell headlong on his face in the black mud, which seemed engulf him. Only his coat-tails, part of his back and his legs kicking up in the air could be seen.

"He will be smothered," thought Collinson, and he instantly jumped in the slough, which received him up to his knees, to rescue his fallen comrade.

It was with difficulty that this could be done. At length, spluttering and breathing heavily, Mr. Mole was extricated from his unpleasant position. His eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose were all plugged up with mud, and was a work of time before he could hear, taste or smell anything but the vilest of earth, rainwater and the poles.

"Oh, my dear Collinson! This is a cruel, this is cruel," he muttered.

"Very much so, sir; but I'm neck as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the car, who had been exploding in short fits of laughter, like penguins going to could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head and hid a smile.

"At me? The villain! After bringing me in this plight. I will let him discharged. He shall lose his position, mark my words," Collinson said Mr. Mole angrily. "Fellow!" continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

The driver contorted himself violently and had fresh fits.

"Do you hear me, fellow?" cried Mr. Mole, rising and extending his arm in a dignified manner.

"Oh, Lor!" said the cabman in choking voice. "I shall bust! I know I shall, if he says such words. We never did see such a figger!"

Away he went into another room, laughing, which threatened to shake him to pieces.

"Come, let us leave that buffoon to go after the fugitive," said Mr. Mole. "Duty, Collinson—duty must be done before all things. I wonder if Mr. Crawcour will make good the damage done to my clothes."

"I should think so, sir."

"Then all will be well. Forward the runaway must be captured at hazards."

They walked quickly along the road Mr. Mole presenting a ludicrous spectacle. After about half an hour's walking they espied Jack in the distance.

"There's that fellow on horseback talking to him," said Collinson.

"Does he mean to take his place?" inquired Mr. Mole.



## You can make better food with Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Lighter, sweeter, more palatable  
and wholesome.

### FRYEBURG.

Joseph O. Allard, at the residence of A. R. Jenness, where he has been living several years. He had a shock about a year ago, and has been in a nearly helpless condition ever since. He was an upright man in all his dealings, and had a host of friends. He leaves a widow.

Robbie Evans is at home. Very cold for the middle of April. The village schools commenced this week.

Charlie Burbank was at home for two days last week.

Ollie Cameron came up from Portland and stopped over Sunday.

Maple syrup is coming in quite freely

now, and is selling for one dollar per gallon.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new jeweler's store on Main street.

Second-hand piano for sale at a very low price. Inquire of H. H. Burbank. The ground was covered with snow Saturday morning, but it soon disappeared.

The members of the Junior Christian Endeavor had a social and ice cream sale Tuesday evening, Apr. 11th, at the vestry.

Rev. Mr. Crane is expected to preach at the Congregational church next Sunday, (Easter). He is secretary of the Maine Christian Endeavor Society, and a very interesting speaker. It is hoped that a large congregation will greet him. Services 10.30 a. m., and 7 p. m.

## SUITS AND COATS

You will find many pretty styles and materials in our stock of Suits and Coats for spring. Ours are all made especially for us therefore they are just a little different from others. You will find our prices right.

- ONE LOT suits of novelty mixture in blue, brown and black, short blouse jacket, heavy satin lined, flat collar, trimmed with steel buttons and braid, large sleeve, full skirt plaited from knee down.....\$10.00
- ONE LOT suits of good quality cheviot, blue and black, blouse jacket, yoke front and back trimmed with black silk braid, tucked from yoke down, large sleeve, tucked cuff, full skirt plaited from knee.....\$15.00
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of good brilliantine in brown and blue, waist tucked back and front, large sleeve tucked from cuff nearly to elbow, changeable silk tie, tucked skirt, regular sizes.....\$4.98
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"Very much so, sir; but I'm not as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the who had been exploding in short bursts of laughter, like penguins going could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head to hide a smile.

"At me? The villain! After laughing me in this plight too. I will have him discharged. He shall lose his position, mark my words," Collinson said Mr. Mole angrily. "Fellow," continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

The driver contorted himself violently and had fresh fits.

"Do you hear me, fellow?" cried Mr. Mole, rising and extending his arm in a dignified manner.

"Oh, Lor!" said the cabman in a choking voice. "I shall bust! I shall bust! He says more. Well, never did see such a flogger."

Away he went into another room laughing, which threatened to shake him to pieces.

"Come, let us leave that buffoon to go after the fugitive," said Mr. Mole. "Duty, Collinson—duty must be before all things. I wonder if Mr. Crawcour will make good the damage done to my clothes."

"I should think so, sir."

"Then all will be well. Forward! The runaway must be captured at hazards."

They walked quickly along the road Mr. Mole presenting a ludicrous spectacle. After about half an hour's waiting they espied Jack in the distance.

"There's that fellow on horseback talking to him," said Collinson.

"Does he mean to take his punishment?" inquired Mr. Mole.

"Not likely, sir."

There were some fine hazel trees in the hedge, and the senior master, taking his knife from his pocket, cut a thin, slim switch and smiled grimly. When they overtook Jack, the horse turned round at the sound of the master's voice, astonished and frightened.

"He evidently didn't know we were behind him, so the stranger has him nothing and does not mean to take his part," thought Mr. Mole.

Using the stick he had cut in the hedge, Mr. Mole began to belabor Jack soundly. Jack cried and struggled, but all in vain did he try to extricate himself. The stick hurt him, and Mr. Mole laid it on with a will.

Suddenly Mr. Bedington backed over the saddle, and, leaping over the hedge, he seized the fly and threw it over the hedge. Flounging his riding whip at the same time he said indignantly, "I won't have him treated, and if you don't, I'll do it myself, sir, that you will molest him any more I shall interfere in a way you will not find pleasant."

Mr. Mole looked up.

"You must make allowance for exasperation of my feelings," he pleaded.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes. Having caught the runaway, our chief task is to convey him to the school, and therefore we will retrace our steps good day to you, sir."



# Jack Harkaway's Schooldays

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG

"Are you one of the masters of the school?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Mole, proudly drawing himself up.

"Whose school is it?"

"Pomona House, Lillie Bridge, Hertfordshire; principal, Mr. Crawcour, assisted by competent masters; references to the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and parents of boys."

"Excuse me. I did not ask you for your curriculum. That I can read at my leisure," interrupted Mr. Bedington, smiling. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Pursue the runaway."

"Hide after the trunk and bring him back to you, eh?" said Mr. Bedington. "Would that be fair?"

"Certainly, sir. You need have no scruples of conscience," Mr. Mole hastened to say.

"Unfortunately for you, I have, and I shall not pursue the boy for you."

Giving his horse the rein, Mr. Bedington walked the animal slowly on.

"What a curmudgeon!" said Mr. Mole.

"A perfect brute!" chimed in Collinson.

"There is no help for it," continued the senior master, throwing the mat out of the window, which instantly sank in the mud.

"Are you going to venture, sir?" asked Collinson.

"Needs must when the—when a certain person drives. Here goes," said Mr. Mole, with an almost triumphant air.

As he put his foot on the top of the fly he slipped and fell headlong on his face in the black mud, which seemed to engulf him. Only his coat-tails, part of his back and his legs kicking up in the air could be seen.

"He will be smothered," thought Collinson, and he instantly jumped into the slough, which reached him up to his knees, to rescue his fallen companion. It was with difficulty that this could be done. At length, spluttering and breathing heavily, Mr. Mole was extricated from his unpleasant position. His eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose were all plugged up with mud, and it was a work of time before he could see, hear, taste or smell anything but the best of earth, rainwater and tadpoles.

"Oh, my dear Collinson! This is sad; this is cruel," he muttered.

"Very much so, sir; but I'm nearly as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the fly, who had been exploding in short fits of laughter, like popguns going off, could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head to hide a smile.

"At me? The villain! After bringing me in this plight too. I will have him discharged. He shall lose his situation, mark my words, Collinson," said Mr. Mole angrily. "Fellow," continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

The driver contorted himself violently and had fresh fits.

"Do you hear me, fellow?" cried Mr. Mole, rising and extending his arm in a menacing manner.

"Oh, Lor!" said the cabman in a choking voice. "I shall bust! I know I shall, if he says much more. Well, I never did see such a flogger!"

Away he went into another roar of laughter, which threatened to shake him to pieces.

"Come, let us leave that buffoon and go after the fugitive," said Mr. Mole. "Duty, Collinson—duty must be thought of before all things. I wonder if Mr. Crawcour will make good the damage done to my clothes."

"I should think so, sir."

"Then all will be well. Forward! The runaway must be captured at all hazards."

They walked quickly along the road, Mr. Mole presenting a ludicrous spectacle. After about half an hour's walking they espied Jack in the distance.

"There's that fellow on horseback talking to him," said Collinson.

"Does he mean to take his part, thank you?" inquired Mr. Mole.

"Not likely, sir."

There were some fine hazel trees in the hedge, and the senior master, taking his knife from his pocket, cut a thin, slim switch and smiled grimly. When they overtook Jack, the latter turned round at the sound of the usher's voice, astonished and frightened.

"He evidently didn't know we were behind him, so the stranger has told him nothing and does not mean to take his part," thought Mr. Mole.

Using the stick he had cut in the hedge, Mr. Mole began to belabor Jack soundly. Jack cried and struggled, but all in vain did he try to extricate himself. The stick hurt him, and Mr. Mole laid it on with a will.

Suddenly Mr. Bedington backed his horse close to Mr. Mole, and, leaning over the saddle, he seized the stick and threw it over the hedge. Flourishing his riding whip at the same time, he said indignantly, "I won't have the lad ill treated, and if you don't give me your word, sir, that you will not molest him any more I shall interfere in a way you will not find pleasant."

Mr. Mole looked up.

"You must make allowance for the exasperation of my feelings," he replied.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes. Having caught the runaway, our chief task is to convey him home; therefore we will retrace our steps. A good day to you, sir."

Without returning his salutation Mr. Bedington said to Jack: "Goodbye, my boy. I shall come to your school and see you in the course of a week, when I return from a little journey I am making."

"Thank you," replied Jack, wiping the tears out of his eyes and trying to look cheerful.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THEY went along the road, Jack being between Mr. Mole and Collinson, who each held an arm tightly, as if he was a desperate malefactor and was expected to do somebody mischief. There was not much resistance left in Jack now. He was crushed and broken down by his unexpected capture and the gloomy prospect before him. Fortunately the driver of the fly had during their absence obtained some assistance, by means of which he extricated his rickety conveyance from the mire. It was ready for their reception, and, bundling Jack in like a bale of goods, his captors sat down and kept the same vigilant watch over him. At length Pomona House was reached, and Jack was conducted into the presence of Mr. Crawcour.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Very good! You have captured the lost sheep; wolf I ought rather to say, for he is more like that animal—fierce, prowling, treacherous, sly—than the gentlest sheep."

"We have had a long chase, sir, and met with difficulties and accidents on the way, as the state of my clothes will show you," answered Mr. Mole.

"You shall be rewarded. Indeed the consciousness of having done right is always its own reward."

"Certainly. What is to be done with Harkaway, sir?"

The principal pointed to some heavy chains, with padlocks attached, which were lying on the table.

"I keep them for those whom I call very incorrigible. Fortunately, I have not had occasion to use them much. As caning doesn't seem to make a proper impression upon Harkaway, I will strike terror into him in another manner. He shall wear those chains round his legs until the end of the half, and if he runs away far in them, I will forgive him."

"Excellent, sir," replied Mr. Mole, who always made it a point of agreeing with his principal.

"What do you say, Collinson?" inquired Mr. Crawcour.

Collinson hesitated.

"Speak out! As head boy in the school, you have a right to be heard. I should like to hear your opinion."

"Then all I can say is, I consider such a punishment as you propose for Harkaway barbarous in the extreme. There are many other ways of showing your displeasure, sir."

"Leave the room, Collinson. I am not to be dictated to by my own pupils."

Collinson went away.

"Now, Mr. Mole," said the principal, "we will hobble this boy. Hobbles is the word, I think, when applied to a horse whose leg is hampered with a bar of wood or iron."

Jack being told to do so, sat down on a chair, and the chains were fixed to his legs, being padlocked just above the ankles.

They felt very heavy and uncomfortable, and it was with difficulty that he could drag one leg after another.

"That is how we punish boys who run away, Master Harkaway," said Mr. Crawcour.

"I'll do it again as soon as I get the chance!" said Jack, speaking for the first time.

"There! What did I tell you?" cried Mr. Crawcour. "Doesn't his language justify my apparent severity?"

"It does, indeed, sir," replied the doleful Mr. Mole.

"Take him away. Let him go among his companions. I'll undertake to say that he will get very little sympathy from them."

Mr. Mole took Jack by the shoulder and pushed him forward in the direction of the schoolroom, where the boys were assembled for lessons. Jack's face was burning with indignation, shame and subdued rage to think that he was treated like a felon of the last century and could not help himself. As he entered the room, with his chains clanking about his heels, every one looked up. He had not gone far before murmurs were heard. Those presently broke out into sounds of audible discontent.

"Shame! Shame—internal shame! Too bad! Disgraceful! Don't stand it! Take them off!"

These exclamations startled Mr. Mole, who raised his hand for silence. No one paid any attention to him. Collinson and the boys in the sixth had been conspiring together. Suddenly Collinson took up a ruler. Each boy had one in his desk, and, as if by a preconcerted signal, seventy or more rulers rose in the air and descended with a loud rap on the desks. Rap, rap, rap, continued on all sides, and the din was so great that the masters could not hear themselves speak. The movement was so general, too, that they could do nothing whatever to stop it. Mr. Mole glided out of the room and sought Mr. Crawcour.

"Come at once to the schoolroom, sir," cried Mr. Mole, breathless with excitement.

"What's the matter?" inquired the principal.

"The school is in an uproar. All the boys are in rebellion. Collinson is the leader, and there is such a din that discipline is at an end."

"In that case, dismiss them to the playground, and send Collinson to me."

"But—"

"Do as I tell you. If I were to go to quell the riot and fail, all discipline would be at an end. Don't you see?" said Mr. Crawcour.

Mr. Mole shook his head, but went away to obey his instructions. The disturbance had become worse. The boys were catcalling, shouting and making a most distracting noise. Never had such a scene been known since Pomona House was a school. Mr.

Mole went up to the sixth.

"Collinson," said he, "restore silence for a few moments. I beg of you."

"What for?" asked Collinson.

"The boys are to have a half holiday, and you are to go to Mr. Crawcour. If you have any grievance, he will consider it and talk the matter over with you. I appeal to your good sense."

"Boys," said Collinson, standing up, "order! Silence!"

The din ceased instantly.

"You have got a half holiday. Run away."

A loud hurrah arose, books were put quickly away, and the boys rushed, yelling, into the playground. Collinson then held a short consultation with the boys in his form, and went to Mr. Crawcour. He found him pacing the room in an agitated manner.

"Do you want to destroy my school?" cried the principal angrily.

"Do you, sir?" replied Collinson quietly.

"Is it likely? The school is my pride—my, more; my support—and I look upon the boys under my care as my children."

Mr. Crawcour spoke with emotion.

"Would you load one of your own children with chains like a convict?" Collinson asked.

"Certainly, if he had offended me."

"We don't like the idea. It will be talked about, and we shall be chaffed in the town. Suppose Dr. Begbie's boys got hold of the story?"

"What is it you want?" asked Mr. Crawcour after a pause.

"Release Harkaway."

"What am I to do with him? He does not care for caning, and he will run away again. A boy confided to my care is a sacred trust. I am responsible for him to his friends. He is a desperate boy, this Harkaway. The chains shall not be removed."

"In that case I will not answer for the consequences."

"I will come every boy in the school."

"That will deepen the discontent, sir."

"You defy me, you who ought to support my authority?"

Mr. Crawcour went to his cupboard and took out a cane.

"As you seem to be the ringleader of this revolt, I shall punish you, and, having begun with you, I will go all through the school," he said.

One stroke descended upon Collinson's shoulders. The next moment the cane was wrenched from Mr. Crawcour's hand and broken in half, the pieces lying upon the floor.

"This—this is outrageous!" stammered the astonished schoolmaster. "Go," he said. "You are headstrong and will regret this. I will not use force to compel you to submit. Reflect, and I am sure your common sense will prompt you to come to me and receive the chastisement you so richly deserve and which you now refuse to take. Consider you will lose your position in the school, as well as all the prizes. Come to me again in an hour."

Collinson walked proudly away. In the yard he found all the big boys awaiting him.

"Well," said Maxwell, the second in the sixth, "what does he say?"

Collinson related what had passed.

"He won't let Harkaway out of those confounded chains? Do you know what we've been thinking about?" said Stanfield, the captain of the fifth.

"What?"

"A barring out," answered Stanfield. "Suppose we went out now and got in a lot of grub from the town and some blankets from the dormitories and shut ourselves up in the schoolroom until they let Harkaway loose or give us the key, so that we could undo the padlocks."

"Try," said Maxwell.

"That is a splendid idea! It will be protest against tyranny, like that of Hampden against Charles I. I never thought of that."

"It will be a glorious tradition for fellows who come after us," said Maxwell.

"Shall we do it?" said Stanfield.

"By all means," answered Collinson.

"Come along then, into my study, and arrange the details. There is no time to be lost."

The conspirators followed Stanfield into his study and, shutting the door hastily, settled upon a plan of action. A collection of money was made first of all, money in all things being the sinews of war. The little boys were not to be in the lockout, because they would only be in the way and do no good. Actually only thirty-five boys were admitted into the schoolroom.

Several of the pupils went into the town and bought such things as bottled beer, preserved meats, bread, hams, pastries, jams, boiled tongues and other things, these provisions were carefully stored away, several tubs and baths were brought in and filled with water. The rebels entered the schoolroom. The door was barricaded with large pieces of wood nailed from post to post. The windows were secured in a similar manner, and the arrangements were complete.

Collinson was the leader of everything, and when they were all assembled he made a speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have been compelled to take strong measures in order to show those who are set in authority over us that we are not to be treated as slaves. One of our members—I allude to my friend, our friend, I may say, Jack Harkaway [cheers]—has been treated in a most shameful manner. We are insulted through him, and I believe I echo the sentiments of this meeting when I say that we are determined not to yield until the key is handed to us and we can set our companion at liberty. [Loud cheering.] As our operations have been conducted with great speed and secrecy, our masters have no idea of the actual state of things, but the knowledge cannot long be kept from them. We shall be called upon to surrender, but we will show a bold front. [Cries of 'We will! We will! No surrender!'] We are well provided. If some of you fellows will illuminate the saloon by lighting the

penny dip, we will drink to the success of our enterprise."

Collinson sat down amid much laughter.

It was getting dark, and candles formed a welcome addition to the feeble light. The viands were brought out. The boys found, however, that they had neither tablecloths nor knives and forks. Some had pocketknives, so that the difficulty was partly got over. Collinson opened some large bottles of beer, and the spirits of all rose. A ham was cut, a tongue and a couple of pies laid under contribution, and the feast began.

Harvey and Jack were sitting together, the former rendering the latter every assistance in his power.

"Cheer up, old boy," said Harvey. "I am glad the whole school have taken up your cause."

"Thanks," said Jack, with his mouth full of pigeon pie. "Try this dove tart."

"Wait till I've finished the chicken and ham. Do the chains hurt?"

"A little. I'm all right; don't bother about me," replied Jack. "Is Mordenfield with us?"

"No; he wouldn't come in. He said he wouldn't tell about us, but he didn't care to join us because it was a barring out for your sake."

"I wonder why he hates me so? He has changed lately," said Jack thoughtfully.

Collinson got up at this juncture. The boy who was placed as a sentinel at the door, called to Collinson. "Mr. Mole is outside, and he says he wants to speak to you."

Collinson got up from the festive board and walked to the door. "Do you want me, Mr. Mole?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the senior master. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct on your part? The whole of the upper part of the school is in revolt."

"You know the reason as well as I do."

"Indeed I do not," replied Mr. Mole.

"I distinctly told Mr. Crawcour that if he persisted in his course of severity toward Harkaway I would not be answerable for the consequences."

"Mr. Crawcour is deeply grieved."

"Give us the key of the padlock, so that we can take off the chains," said Collinson. "Promise us that no notice shall be taken of our rebellion, and in an hour's time we will open the door and have the room ready for prayers."

"No," replied Mr. Mole in a decided voice. "I cannot agree to anything of the kind."

He talked the matter over with the principal, and he is of my opinion—namely, that no concession can possibly be made to boys who have behaved as the ringleaders, who will be severely punished. I did not expect such conduct from you, Collinson. You have always been a pattern to others and the ornament of the school. Will you not listen to the voice of reason?"

"Let us have justice first. We must have the key, and then a written pardon from Mr. Crawcour."

"I cannot promise anything of the sort. Mr. Crawcour will punish you all if you do not yield speedily. He says he will cane the entire school one by one; reflect upon the consequences of your rash act. What does your duty to your neighbor teach you? Is it not to obey all those who are placed in authority over you?"

"Good night. I want to finish my supper. Sorry we can't ask you to join us," said Collinson, turning away.

Mr. Mole made no further attempt to continue the conversation.

Presently Collinson rejoined his companions. The supper was proceeding with, and it was unanimously decided that the resistance should be carried on to the bitter end, unless their terms were complied with.

Songs were sung and general merriment prevailed, the noise made by the boys being heard distinctly by Mr. Crawcour and his masters, who were assembled in the former's drawing room. The little boys, who had not joined in the barring out, had gone to their dormitories, delighted at the uproar in the school and hoping that as the schoolroom was occupied there would be no lessons on the morrow.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Crawcour, when the senior master entered the room. "What say the rioters?"

The expression of his face was anxious. The ruin of his school was staring him in the face; so that it was no wonder the principal of Pomona House awaited Mr. Mole's answer with anxiety openly expressed upon his sallow countenance.

"I was defied, sir," answered Mr. Mole. "Collinson demanded a complete pardon for himself and his associates, and the instant liberation of Harkaway."

"And you told him—"

"That you could not possibly agree to such terms."

"You were right," answered Mr. Crawcour, after a moment's reflection; "such a surrender of our rights would be a confession of weakness which we should never get over."

"They must give in in time," said Mr. Stonor.

"I have a plan, sir," said Mr. Mole. "Whether you will think it worth while to adopt it or not is another thing."

"An idea of any sort in such a crisis is valuable," replied the principal.

"The singing and the shouting are not so loud; in a short time they will have gone to sleep. Then is the time for a night attack."

"How and where?"

"By the window on the side of the yard," said Mr. Mole with a knowing wink.

"Excellent!" said Mr. Crawcour. "A night attack is a good idea—I may call it a brilliant suggestion. But how is it to be done, and who is to execute it?"

"I will," answered Mr. Mole grandly.

"Thank you," said the principal, shaking him by the hand; "you are my friend. Believe me, Mole, I shall never forget you. Try some more sherry."

"I will," answered the senior master, pouring wine inadvertently into a tumbler. "In times like these one may indulge

"Certainly. And now be good enough to give us the details of your plan."

"In the yard we have a ladder. Once on the top of the ladder, outside the window, a blow or two from a sledgehammer will insure admittance. I shall enter. My presence will strike awe into the hearts of the rioters. While they are in a state of dismay you will all follow me, and the thing is done."

"It is possible," said Mr. Crawcour thoughtfully, "and I am the more pleased with the scheme because the longer this absurd rebellion lasts the more harm it is calculated to do me. These things should be nipped in the bud. How boys whom I have trained so carefully could be induced to behave so badly is beyond my comprehension."

"About 12 o'clock I will make the attempt."

"So be it. And now let us while away the time with a pipe or a cigar," said Mr. Crawcour. His wife rose.

"If you are going to defile my drawing room with tobacco smoke, I shall go to my own apartments!" she exclaimed.

"Just for once, my dear. What is happening in the school makes this an exceptional night," said her husband.

"Why am I always to be worried by the school? You should manage the boys better, and such things would not happen," Mrs. Crawcour retorted.

"Better! Am I not always thinking of the dear boys?"

"Look at your severity. It is disgusting. Would such things be tolerated at Eton or Harrow? Their demands are perfectly reasonable, and I am glad to see the boys are not the sneaks and hypocrites and poor soulless things you have tried to make them."

With this speech she swept from the room, leaving her husband and his masters astonished.

"Poor creature!" said Mr. Crawcour. "She has no appreciation for or sympathies with my efforts."

"None whatever," answered Mr. Mole, helping himself again.

The senior master's hand trembled a little. He was not accustomed to strong potatoes, and the sherry was taking an effect upon him.

Talking with one another, the masters impatiently waited for the hours to pass, so that the attack might be made.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AT about 12 o'clock Mr. Mole, accompanied by his friends, went into the yard and noiselessly raised a ladder against a window of the schoolroom. He ascended with a somewhat unsteady gait. To his surprise, the window was open, but he did not know that a sentinel was standing by in the shade. The night was cold, and two candles flickered on a table, showing him that the boys, in various positions, were slumbering on the floor, covered by rugs and blankets.

Stepping into the room, he gazed about him, astonished at his success and scarcely knowing how to proceed. In an instant Carr, who was the sentinel, shut the window and called loudly to the boys to come to his assistance. Collinson and others were quickly on their legs. Mr. Mole was surrounded and thrown on the floor, his hands being fastened behind his back with a rope. He did not make much resistance, as, strictly speaking, he was hardly sober.

"Just what we expected!" exclaimed Collinson. "Carr, you're a brick and have done your duty like a man! Make the window fast now. Mr. Mole, you have fallen nicely into the trap!"

"Let me go!" said Mr. Mole feebly.

"Certainly not! You are held as a hostage," answered Collinson.

The window was shut and made fast, so that it would not be easy to open it from the outside. Mr. Pumbleton, however, was not to be deterred. Grasping an ax, he ascended and began to attack the window, seeing that the senior master was captured and wishing to rescue him. With the first blow he dealt at the frame a pane of glass was shivered to atoms.

Collinson advanced and, speaking through the hole, said: "Take care. We shall resist force by force. If you value your bones, go down. I shall not hesitate to push the ladder into the yard, and you will fall with it."

"What are you going to do with Mr. Mole?" asked the second master.

"That is our business. We are not cannibals, and so you need not be afraid that we shall eat him."

Mr. Pumbleton thought better of his rash enterprise and descended without further parley to report the state of affairs to his colleagues. The principal was furious.

"Where is Mr. Mole?" he asked.

"Taken prisoner."

"Go and rescue him."

"Thank you, sir; I would rather not," answered the second master. "The boys seem very determined."

"I order you to do so!" thundered Mr. Crawcour.

"I must refuse, sir. I am sorry to say, as I value my neck, if you will go first, I will follow your lead."

Mr. Stonor and Mr. Bolivant were equally reluctant to make the attempt, and they retreated to the house, followed by Mr. Crawcour, who was fuming with rage.

"Cowards!" he said.

"If we are cowards," replied Mr. Pumbleton, "I respectfully submit that you are also, sir, since you are equally reluctant with ourselves to attack the boys."

Mr. Crawcour made no answer.

There was nothing more to be done that night, so the besiegers retired to their room. In a few moments Collinson pushed away the ladder, which fell with a crash in the yard. He then turned his attention to Mr. Mole. In his waistcoat pocket he found the key of the padlock and, going up to Harkaway, unfastened his chains, which he dragged with a clanking sound to the senior master.

"What are you going to do?" asked the latter, trembling.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," answered Collinson, fastening the chain round the master's

legs.

"Here Harkaway," he cried; "come and padlock him up. This is what I call retributive justice!"

Jack was nothing loath, and in a short time Mr. Mole was manacled as the boy had been, much to his disgust. But the wine he had taken somewhat blunted his faculties.

"Make him a bed of dictionaries—Caesars, Ovids, Virgils—any school-books you can find, and put him in a corner," said Collinson.

Mr. Mole soon found himself extended on a hard couch, but the rope round his hands was cut, which gave him a little freedom. Two boys were told off to guard him.

"My dear Collinson, I forgive you," said Mr. Mole, with drunken gravity. "I have a request to make. You have, I imagine, some liquors here? As it happens, I have been drinking the governor's sherry, and it has given me a plaguing thirst. If you can gratify me with a glass of wine or a drink of beer, I shall sign myself, 'Yours ever gratefully, T. Mole.'"

"Give him some beer," replied Collinson, smiling.

Accordingly a quart bottle of ale was emptied into a jug and handed to him. He drank every drop and returned the jug with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I knew we should be friends," he said. "Why should we not? Yet these chains are galling. There is an unpleasant weight about my ankles, and my shins begin to pain me. Cannot they be removed?"

"On no account," replied Collinson.

"Then I must even put up with them, though it is a trial. Perhaps a pipe of tobacco will not be refused me?" said Mr. Mole.

Stanfield handed him the pouch.

"Ah!" exclaimed he as he filled his pipe. "This is a discovery! I have always suspected you of smoking, Stanfield, but I never could find you out. When order is restored, I shall not forget this."

"You ungrateful—well, I won't abuse you," replied Stanfield. "But I never met such a fellow before. Here do I give him some tobacco to comfort him in his misfortunes, and he turns round upon me like a warmed viper."

Mr. Mole did not reply.

A puff or two of smoke, the tobacco being slag and stronger than the mild returns he was in the habit of smoking, overcame him, and, decidedly intoxicated, he let the pipe fall from his hand and, looking round him, laughed insanely.

"I say, boys," he exclaimed, "what a jolly spree! You've driven the governor or half wild; he'll have a fit! But no matter. You're jolly fellows. Give me more old ale—capital stuff, old ale!"

His request was complied with.

"Given a shong, Col-Collinson!" he continued, letting the jug fall on the floor.

Before Collinson could reply his head fell back, and he went off to sleep, snoring like a pig.

"I don't think they ought to talk about us after this," remarked Stanfield.

"Let's tar and feather him and put him out in the yard and then ring the schoolbell," suggested Jack, who began to recover himself since the removal of the chains.

"Where's the tar to come from?" asked Collinson.

"Harvey had some to tar the top of his new rabbit hutch with, and it's in his locker now, pot, brush and all," replied Jack.

"And the feathers?"

"They are easily got. Haven't we a bed or two brought down from the dormitory?"

"Capital!" cried all the boys who were awake in chorus.

It was no sooner said than done. Mr. Mole was stripped to the waist, he being so dead asleep as to be incapable of making any resistance or even of protesting. They left him only his trousers, boots and his socks. With a pair of scissors they cut his hair short and, applying the brush, gave him a thick coating of tar. Ripping open the feather bed, the boys took up handfuls of feathers and threw them at him until he was as white as snow.

"That will do," said Collinson. "Fasten him in a chair—he is too tight to stand—and we will carry him into the yard."

"Properly speaking, he ought to be ridden on a rail. That is the way they do it in America!" exclaimed Jack.

"Never mind. He'll do as it is," answered Collinson. "I say, Stanfield, just unbar the door and take a look out. Squint round the corner and see if all is clear."

Stanfield did as he was requested and reported all clear and not a light to be seen anywhere.

"As I thought," said Collinson. "They've given it up for tonight and have all gone to bed. So much the better. Lend us a hand here, some of you fellows."

Several willing hands helped Collinson to carry the chair to which Mr. Mole was fastened so that he could not fall out. They took it to the middle of the yard and tied a lantern round the senior master's neck. Then they retired to the schoolroom, rebaricaded the door and congratulated themselves upon the success of their enterprise.

Collinson seized the bell rope and began to pull it violently. Such a noise had never been heard in the middle of the night since Pomona House was a school. In a short time lights flashed at more than one window. Mr. Crawcour thought the premises were on fire. He rushed out partly dressed, quickly being joined by Mr. Pumbleton, Mr. Stonor and Mr. Bolivant. They directed their steps to the yard.

When Collinson saw them coming, he left off ringing, and the boys, with suppressed laughter, watched them wind their way, shading their candles from the wind with their hands, to the chair on which the unfortunate senior master was bound.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mr. Crawcour, curiously examining him.

"Half man, half bird, I should think," said Mr. Pumbleton.

"It has the feathers of a goose," replied



marked Mr. Stonor.

"Some trick of ze rascally boys," suggested M. Bolivant.

"Yes, that is more like it," continued the principal. "Look here! It is Mr. Mole! It cannot be! Yes, it is—it is his face!"

"Ah, where is his beautiful chestnut hair, tinged with ze light gray? Was it a wig?" said M. Bolivant.

"Mole, Mole, my dear fellow, wake up, do!" cried Mr. Crawcour, shaking him.

The inanimate senior master did not move.

"They have drugged him," said Mr. Pumbleton.

"They have killed him," chimed in Mr. Stonor.

Mr. Crawcour put his ear to his mouth.

"No!" he exclaimed. "He breathes!"

"Carry him in. It is some trick. I do believe they have made him drunk and tarred and feathered him," said Mr. Pumbleton. This remark did credit to the second master's sagacity.

Mr. Mole was carried in, but it was too late to wash him, though Mr. Stonor suggested that he should be put into a warm bath until the morning.

He could not be said to have gone to sleep in his clothes, but he certainly went to sleep in his feathers.

The outrage which had been perpetrated upon Mr. Mole—for so the masters termed the trick which had been played him—exasperated them beyond all measure. In the morning the unhappy man presented a lamentable aspect. He could render no assistance to his comrades, for he was obliged to sit in a warm bath and allow two strong countrymen, whom he had promised half a sovereign apiece, to rub him with soap and lard to get the tar and feathers off his skin.

The others, however, were not idle. Mr. Crawcour was determined to regain possession of his schoolroom. Taking Mr. Pumbleton, Mr. Stonor, M. Bolivant and some of the keenest of the younger boys who were not locked in, he went to the door of the school and attacked it with hatchets, hammers, crowbars and other weapons.

Young Lord Mordenfield was one of the foremost in the attack. The door offered a stubborn resistance. For more than an hour was a shower of blows rained upon it, and large pieces were chipped out of its panels. At last it began to give way. Mr. Crawcour and the others pushed against it, and it swung backward. A loud hurrah broke forth from those outside. Mordenfield was one of the foremost in the attack, and he did not see that a huge press, which had been brought to the front by the besieged, was swaying backward and forward.

"Take care!" cried Mr. Crawcour, springing back.

His example was followed by all but Mordenfield, who tried to rush into the schoolroom. The press fell heavily, crushing the boy underneath it. He uttered a groan and then was still. Every one was awestricken by this terrible occurrence. The rebels hung back, speechless with horror.

"Lend a hand, all of you! This is no time for quarreling!" exclaimed Mr. Pumbleton. "Lord Mordenfield is lying under the press! He may be dying!"

Differences were now forgotten, and those who were a short time before so eager to keep themselves in rushed out, making great efforts to raise the press, which for some time defied their exertions. At length the young lord was extricated. He appeared lifeless, and the blood which issued from his mouth, nose and ears gave him a forbidding aspect, which was increased by the ghastly whiteness of his face.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mr. Crawcour. "I fear he is dying! I would have rather given a thousand pounds than this should have happened. Misguided boys, see what your thoughtlessness has resulted in!"

Collinson, Stanfield and the other leading boys of the school hung back abashed. Mordenfield was carried to his bedroom, and a doctor was sent for posthaste. No one thought of continuing the barring out. The unfortunate accident which had occurred put an end to all hostilities between masters and boys.

Collinson gave up the key of the padlock, and Mr. Mole's legs, which were by this time dreadfully swollen, were liberated.

The boys walked about the yard in the playground conversing in whispers. When the doctor came, he carefully examined the injured boy. Looking gravely at Mr. Crawcour, he said, "Has he any friends living hereabouts?"

"It is young Lord Mordenfield. His mother lives at Willow Copse Hall, which is about six miles from here," replied the principal.

"Let her be sent for at once!"

A messenger was promptly dispatched on horseback.

"I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily," continued the doctor, "but I will not answer for the young gentleman's life. He has received dreadful injuries of an internal nature. Of course all that human skill can do shall be done."

"For heaven's sake, doctor, do your best! My school will be ruined should this accident have a fatal termination," cried Mr. Crawcour in an agony of apprehension.

"I shall exert myself to the utmost; I can say no more."

After doing all that his experience suggested he remained sitting by the bedside, holding the boy's hand in his and carefully noticing the alternations of his pulse.

Mr. Crawcour went downstairs and, seeking Mr. Pumbleton, Mr. Mole still being under the cleaning process, said: "Where is Harkaway? He is the cause of all this. He shall go this moment—he shall go! He is a curse to the school!"

Mr. Crawcour rushed into the yard, determined to send Harkaway about his business without an instant's delay.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. CRAWCOUR was beside himself with rage. He foresaw in the not very remote distance the probable closing of Pomona House. This would entail wretchedness and beggary upon him, for his pupils would be taken away, and he would have to sell the good will of his school and his furniture for an old song. His treatment of Jack Harkaway would make a sensational paragraph for a newspaper, and the subsequent events would rival it. He already saw it in print—how the boy was goaded to madness by the tyranny of his master and ran away; how he was brought back after an exciting chase and put in chains; how the other boys, horrified at this cruel, barbarous and unheard of treatment, rose to deliver him. Then would come the barring out, the capture of the senior master, his being chained in the place of the boy victim and his tarring and feathering. The conclusion of the story would be the storming of the barricade and the mortal wounds received by the young Lord Mordenfield. Certain to make a stir was the death of a lord. And the doctor had said that Lord Mordenfield's life was worth little.

Grasping a stick, Mr. Crawcour ran among the astonished boys, seeking Jack. At length he found him. Jack was the center of a group of admiring companions, who regarded him as at once the martyr and the hero of the hour. He began to belabor Jack most unmercifully with his stick, repeating:

"Out of my house! Out of my house!"

"Get out of your house," said Jack, running away to escape the flagellation. "You're out of your mind."

Jack fled through the yard gate and got into the road. It was early in the morning of a bright, cold day. The door slammed heavily behind him, and was double locked. Without looking back Jack was trudging manfully along when he heard his name called. Turning round he saw that several of his schoolfellows had mounted the wall, and were waving their caps in the air.

"Goodbye, Jack," they said. "Good luck to you! Goodbye. Goodbye."

Touched by this expression of good will he waved his hand. Jack was not at all sorry to get away from such a place as Pomona House. But he was indignant at the way in which he had been treated. He had no money either, which did not tend to raise his spirits, for he had given all his money to Collinson at the commencement of the barring out to buy provisions. His legs were very much more swollen and inflamed than he had been prepared to admit. A very little walking showed him that he was not capable of going far. A pain arose in each foot, and extended in a short time up both of his legs.

"This is pleasant," said Jack, as he was obliged to sit down by a bank by the roadside. "I'm a nice sort of fellow to run away at present. I wish they had put me right before they locked me out."

He attempted to start again, but by this time he was in such pain that he could scarcely crawl along. It was with difficulty that he got out of the way of a carriage and pair driven along the road. It was going at a furious rate. But quickly as it passed him, Jack recognized the livery of Lady Mordenfield.

"She is going to see her son," he muttered. "Poor creature! I wonder how she will bear the shock. It is a dreadful affair."

He had uttered the last words aloud and was considerably startled to hear a voice behind him exclaim:

"Who says so, my little man?"

Thinking he knew the voice, he turned quickly round. The person who accosted him was no other than Mr. Bedington, the solitary traveler who had taken Jack's part when pursued by Mr. Mole and Collinson on the memorable occasion of his running away.

"How do you do, sir?" asked Jack, holding out his hand.

"Very well, thank you. And how are you?" said Mr. Bedington.

"I can't say much for myself. My legs hurt me. I had some heavy chains put on them, and the other boys, not liking it, got up a barring out."

"Indeed! And that is why you are on your travels again, I suppose."

"Mr. Crawcour turned me out—expelled me, in fact."

"You are quite safe," said Mr. Bedington. "It is fortunate that I have met you. Where do you intend to go?"

"To London, I think, sir, and seek my friends at Highgate."

"That will be the very best thing you can do. Is the disturbance over at your school?"

"Not yet. The barring out is over, but a heavy press fell upon Lord Mordenfield, who, they say, is dying."

"How strangely things come about in this incomprehensible world! Does his mother know it?"

"I saw her carriage pass just now, going at full speed," replied Jack.

"Stay here, and I will procure a fly or some other conveyance, which will take us to the station, and I will put off what engagements I have and accompany you to town. I don't know how it is, but I take a strange interest in you."

"And I, sir, feel as if I could love you as a father," answered Jack.

"You told me, I think, that you never forgot your parents?"

"I have no recollection of them."

"Well, you have lost a father, and I years ago lost a son. But time presses. Expect me here again shortly."

So saying, Mr. Bedington hurried away, leaving Jack to his own reflections.

Mr. Bedington was not long in procuring a fly, which, picking up Jack, drove them to the station at Little Bridge, where they caught a London train, proceeding afterward to Highgate.

Mr. and Mrs. Scratchley were just about sitting down to an early dinner. They were surprised to see Jack, who

was the last person in their thoughts. Emily came running downstairs, having seen Jack get out of the fly from a window. She met him in the hall.

"Dear, dear, Jack!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Bless you, my little sweetheart! So you have not forgotten me?" he exclaimed, kissing her.

"Forgotten you! Oh, Jack, how can you?"

"Come inside, Jack. You are just in time for dinner," exclaimed Mr. Scratchley, with rather more than his usual kindness.

Addressing Mr. Bedington, Mr. Scratchley said, "Whom have I the honor of speaking to, sir?"

"My name is Bedington," was the reply.

"And you are—"

"A friend of this neglected boy."

"I have got to learn by what right you constitute yourself his protector," Mr. Scratchley rejoined.

"Come where I can speak to you for a short time and do not bandy useless words in the passing," replied Mr. Bedington.

There was something in his visitor's manner which awed Mr. Scratchley, and he led the way into his drawing room.

"Now, sir, I am your humble servant," he said.

Briefly, but clearly, Mr. Bedington related all that had occurred at Pomona House as far as he himself knew.

"The boy can give you the details," he concluded, "and you can now judge whether or not my conduct is consistent with humanity or if I am simply meddlesome and officious."

"I beg to thank you for your behavior in this distressing matter," said Mr. Scratchley, "but at the same time I feel bound to tell you that Jack has always been a mischievous, ungovernable boy."

"Consider his loss in not knowing his parents—"

"Oh, he has told you that, has he?" Mr. Scratchley exclaimed in a tone of annoyance.

"He has."

"Now you are here, may I venture to extend my poor hospitality to you?"

"We were about to dine."

"I shall be most glad," Mr. Bedington replied, with a bow.

"Afterward we can resume this conversation."

"As you please."

They adjourned to the dining room, where a substantial dinner in the shape of a codfish and a leg of mutton awaited them. During the progress of the meal Jack related what had happened to him at Mr. Crawcour's amid many expressions of sympathy from Emily and her mother.

"You must have a doctor to see your ankles," said Mrs. Scratchley.

"The great big brute, to treat you like that! I should like to put him in chains," said Emily.

"He shall not go back!" exclaimed Mr. Scratchley. "I find my confidence in the man was strangely misplaced."

"It is a pity, if you will allow me to say," remarked Mr. Bedington, "that you did not take the trouble sometimes to go and see how the boy was treated."

This was a home thrust, and Mr. Scratchley was judiciously silent, for he had nothing to urge in his defense.

After dinner Jack and Emily retired into the garden to sit together in the arbor, and he again told her all that he had gone through. He met with an attentive listener, and Emily was never tired of saying, "Poor Jack, how ill used you have been!"

Mr. Scratchley brought out some of his old port and a box of cigars, with which he and his visitor managed to pass the time very agreeably.

It seemed that Mr. Bedington had a notion in stopping.

"I should like to adopt a child," he exclaimed.

"Having none of your own, I apprehend?" said Mr. Scratchley.

"I had one, but his whereabouts are a mystery to me. We were separated when he was very young. I have reasons for believing him alive, though."

"That is sad," remarked Mr. Scratchley, helping himself to the generous port.

"Harkaway is a fine lad."

"Physically, yes."

"Well, boys are mentally what their trainers make them."

"Not always. Look at the trouble I have taken with that boy," replied Mr. Scratchley.

"You do not care about him."

"Why not? I am well paid for looking after him."

"By whom?"

"That's my secret," rejoined Scratchley, "and, in my opinion, £300 a year is worth having."

"Are you paid by the boy's friend or by a solicitor?"

"The question is rather impertinent, but I don't mind saying that a solicitor is the person who sends me a quarterly check."

"For how much will you give me the name of that agent?" asked Mr. Bedington.

"Do you want to adopt the child? You see that if the boy is taken away from me I lose the £300 a year. Give me £1,000 and the name and address shall be yours."

"It is a large sum, but you shall have it. Where are a pen and ink?"

Being supplied with these requisites, Mr. Bedington in a very businesslike manner wrote a check for the amount, handing it to Mr. Scratchley, who in his turn gave him an envelope, with a name and address on it, as follows:

"Mr. Lucas, Solicitor, Knightbridge Street, Doctors' Commons."

Mr. Bedington smiled. "I fancied Lucas would be the name."

"Why?"

"No matter. I must run away now. You will see me shortly. Tell Jack I shall not forget him. Excuse my haste."

They shook hands, and Mr. Bedington took his leave.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN the road Mr. Bedington found a cab, which took him at once to Doctors' Commons. On reaching

the lawyer's office he inquired for Mr. Lucas.

"He will be in directly, sir," answered the clerk.

Mr. Bedington was shown into the solicitor's private room, one side of which was adorned with tin boxes full of papers. Names were written outside them. On one larger than the rest was "Lady Mordenfield," showing that Mr. Lucas was her ladyship's solicitor.

When Mr. Lucas came in, he appeared surprised to behold his visitor.

"Dear me," he exclaimed. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I heard you were dead. Have you seen her ladyship?"

"Lady Mordenfield and I have met," was the reply.

"It is years since you and I parted in this very room," continued Mr. Lucas, an elderly man, "and I can guess what you want to talk to me about, but I fear I have not time now. I have received a telegram summoning me to Hertfordshire. An accident has happened to young Lord Mordenfield."

"I am aware of it. He is dying."

"Senseless!" exclaimed the solicitor. "This will be a great blow to her ladyship."

"I, too, am going to Hertfordshire, and if you have no objection, Lucas, I will accompany you, and we can talk on the way," said Mr. Bedington.

"With all my heart," answered the solicitor.

In half an hour they were in a cab going to the station.

Mr. Bedington was calmness itself. In the railway train he lost no time in questioning Mr. Lucas.

"You know as much of my wife, Lucas, as most people," he began.

"I would be odd if I did not, seeing that I have been acquainted with you for twenty years," answered Mr. Lucas.

"And during that period you have acted as my wife's solicitor?"

"I beg your pardon."

"It is useless to pretend ignorance to me," said Mr. Bedington sternly. "I am determined to establish my rights in a court of law if necessary—the rights that a husband has over a wife."

"Oh, I understand, you have contracted an alliance of a matrimonial nature during your residence abroad."

replied the lawyer, as if a new light struck him.

"You know what I mean," said Mr. Bedington, displaying some irritation.

"My dear sir, allow me to remind you that a lawyer knows nothing until he is told," said the solicitor with a cunning smile.

"Oh, if that is the case I will repeat certain facts for your information. To begin with, you remember my marriage with the present Lady Mordenfield?"

"Yes. She was then a very attractive young lady, whose father objected very much to the alliance," replied Mr. Lucas.

"We were poor. My wife's father advised me to go abroad. I did so, saying that I should send for my wife as soon as I got in a foreign land. I left my wife and infant child. We corresponded, but treachery was at work. She never received my letters, and hers were not allowed to reach me. In the course of time she was told that I was dead. Am I right so far?"

"Perfectly."

"After that fact, as it was falsely called, was forced upon her conviction she was brought into contact with Lord Mordenfield, an old but rich man, and all the influence of her friends was exerted to induce her to marry him. Her previous marriage was kept a secret from the old peer, and her child—my son—was sent away among strangers. His existence has been a profound secret ever since. Of course you as a lawyer know that the marriage of my wife, I being alive, with Lord Mordenfield is no marriage."

"That is so."

"Very well. I have come back to assist my wife and child."

"Have you told Lady Mordenfield this?"

"I have."

"How did she receive the news?"

"She defied me. She told me that if I claimed her as my wife I should never know where the child is. But events seem to go in my favor. If the young Lord Mordenfield dies, as there is every chance of his doing, her love may revert to her first child, and, as I am rich, she may be inclined to give up her rank and live with me, her lawful husband, in the position of a common-law wife, sufficient to maintain her in luxury similar to that which she has enjoyed of late years."

"You are rich. I am happy to hear it. And now what do you want of me?"

"You know where the boy is."

"How should I?" asked the solicitor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Mr. Scratchley has told me that you deposited the child with him."

"At this shot the lawyer's eyes fell."

"You have seen Scratchley?" he exclaimed. "And—the boy?"

"Oddly enough," returned Mr. Bedington, "the boy and I have been acquainted for some time, but I was not aware of his relationship to me until a strange feeling for which I could not account induced me to make certain inquiries about him. It will be best for you, Lucas, if you consult your interests in the future, to be frank with me."

"Why so?"

"Because I will proceed against you in the criminal courts for conspiracy."

"On what grounds?"

"For taking the child away and concealing its identity under a false name."

You know well enough that John Harkaway is in reality John Bedington, my son."

"You require proof of this," remarked the lawyer.

"Legal proof, yes, though I am morally convinced, and that is why I have sought you out. I am resolved to humble the spirit of the proud woman, his mother, whom, strange to say, I love still. All this time I have cherished her image in my heart, and I am also anxious to do justice to the poor boy who shall have a bright future to make up for his wretched past."

"Where is Jack now?"

"At Mr. Scratchley's."

"Well, my dear sir," answered Mr. Lucas, "on the understanding that I continue solicitor to the parties interested in this strange romance I will meet you half way. I admit that Jack Harkaway is Jack Bedington and the son of the so called Lady Mordenfield and yourself."

"You will repeat this?"

"Whenever and wherever you like."

"A thousand thanks," exclaimed Mr. Bedington. "With such an ally I shall soon bring her ladyship to reason."

He was satisfied at having gained this important point so easily and waited impatiently until the railway journey was ended and they found a carriage to take them to Pomona House. Here they learned that Lady Mordenfield had insisted upon taking her son to Willow Copse Hall, where he would be quieter and better attended to. The doctors, however, held out little hope.

"It is certain," they said, "unless a miracle intervenes, that the young lord must die."

On receipt of this news the travelers went on to the Hall. Ere they reached the palatial residence it was the abode of death. Lady Mordenfield's grief was intense. She wept passionately over the body of her dead son, snatched from her in so untimely a manner. Not only had she lost her favorite child, but at the same time she lost all claim to the property, which went with the title of Mordenfield, it being strictly entailed.

When Mr. Bedington and Mr. Lucas arrived, they found her stretched on a couch in the drawing room, the picture of grief and dismay.

## CHAPTER XX.

MR. CRAWCOUR had expected, the news of the rebellion at his school and the unfortunate death of young Lord Mordenfield quickly got wind. He feared that gentlemen living in the neighborhood who had sons at Pomona House would immediately send for and take them away. The next day Mr. Crawcour assembled the boys and talked to them in a paternal manner. They listened to him with attention.

"Many of you," he said, "have grown up under my care. You would not like to see the school broken up. It has been and shall be my pride for you to say when you go to the universities or make a start in life, 'I was at Crawcour's.' Let the past be forgotten; let bygones be bygones, and next half I hope we shall be a united community, working for our mutual interest. What do you say, boys—shall we begin a new era in the history of Pomona House school? I am sorry if I have been too severe. I cannot say any more."

"And we, too, are sorry, sir, for what we have done," said Collinson, "I am sure we never expected such a terrible result as that which has taken place. We have no wish to leave the school or see it broken up. I think I speak for my schoolfellows as well as myself."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Three cheers for Mr. Crawcour! Now, then, boys, three cheers for the governor and a little one in!" cried Collinson.

The schoolroom rang with the united cheers of the boys, not one of whom seemed to have any personal dislike to the schoolmaster. Suddenly there was a laugh, which ran all round the room. A white looking face appeared at the door. It